Lockheed's Foreign Policy, by Anthony Sampson
Where to Hear Irish Music in New York
Default May Be Our Best Hope, by Howard Samuels

75 CENTS
MARCH 15, 1976

NEW YORK

New York's Invisible Subculture

The World of 1.5 Million Illegal Immigrants by Orde Coombs

HARUO

Photographed at the Hamilton Princess, Bermuda

Evenings that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE

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By Anthony Sampson
Payoffs from Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Burbank, where the armament firm is headquartered, have flowed to at least fifteen nations in the past two decades. The disclosures have precipitated serious political crises in at least six of them. Here, Mr. Sampson, the distinguished British journalist, raises a question not yet addressed as the story has unfolded: who, in the end, corrupted whom? Mr. Sampson reports on the awe with which Europeans, notably, regard the ability of Americans to lay bare their own corruption and also, the fear that such candor upsets a delicate balance abroad, where certain kinds of corruption have long had their place.

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Cover: New York's illegal immigrants live in fear of discovery. Illustration by Haruo Miyauchi.

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LETTERS

The Potential Reign of Jackie O

Re your "Very Modest Proposal" in the "New York Intelligencer" [February 23], let's face it: the idea of Senator Jackie Onassis is no more preposterous than the idea of President Ronald Reagan.

J. Buonocore
Manhattan

After reading "A Very Modest Proposal: Jackie O for U.S. Senator," I take strong exception to a spokesperson for Governor Carey remarking, "She'd go up to somewhere like Utica, take one look at the place, and expire."

On the contrary, she'd see our beautiful museum, a flourishing performing-arts center, and a lot of warm, friendly citizens.

I, for one, think her candidacy would be a breath of fresh air, and I would support her vigorously.

Dorothy Clark
Utica, N.Y.

Siege Mentalities

May I state that I am deeply disturbed by Captain Walker's article, "The Siege of Fort Apache" [February 23]. While Captain Walker speaks of violence and youth gangs in Fort Apache, his article contributes to and reinforces a typical white, suburban view of those people who live like animals in "those places in horrible New York City."

I have walked the streets Captain Walker describes, and I find here a tough, vibrant, living community, a community that desperately needs help —assistance that has not come forth either from the Housing and Development Administration of New York City or from the South Bronx Model Cities Program. A major part of the 41st Police Precinct is located within the Community Planning Board #3 District. This community has been consistently forgotten.

Captain Walker's article is typical of the New York City Police Department's siege mentality and of its long-term inbreeding. I imagine that the New York City police officer who works at the 41st Precinct can go home after his tour of duty, confident that he is driving home to his suburban $40,000 home, secure that "they" will never reside in his neighborhood. . . .

Paul A. Muscillo
Neighborhood Community
Renewal Corporation
Bronx

Neighborhood Development

We thought *New York* Magazine was a forward-looking Big Apple booster until we read "The Crucial Battle for Bloomingdale Country," by Cliff Jahr [January 26]. Only the snob mob and some local merchants who don't like competition should object to building an attractive two-story shopping plaza at dreary, congested 59th Street and Second Avenue.

We think it's about time that good neighborhood development, which will pay badly needed taxes and provide badly needed jobs, gets the support of the responsible press.

Paul N. Marcus
Manhattan

Sound Off

Regarding "Sound Off," your article on soundproofing in the March 1 issue, there is another interesting and inexpensive alternative for people who simply want a peaceful environment to sleep in, and that is white noise. Isolating a space from sound is a quite involved and expensive proposition, and isolating completely a sound as loud as a rock band's is just out of the question for the average citizen.

White noise is a sound composite of all frequencies, analogous to white light. It sounds roughly like the whooshing of a fan or the noise on a television station that has signed off for the night. A variation is pink noise, which has a lower frequency and sounds more like a waterfall. By turning on a white-noise generator in the bedroom, night sounds are masked by the blanket of constant whoosh. This sound has been found to have a profoundly relaxing effect on many people and, in fact, is sometimes used in dental surgery instead of anesthesia, by means of headphones.

An extra bonus to blanketing out night noises is that it has also been found to be an excellent cure for insomnia in many people, tranquilizing as it eliminates extraneous sound. Of course, some people don't like it at all.

White-noise generators are cheap, small, and readily available in electronic-gadget stores. An even easier approximation would be to leave a fan on in some corner or window of the bedroom. This might be an alternative for people who do not want to get into the hassle of soundproofing.

Thomas Brunoski, M.D.
Manhattan

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THE CITY POLITIC

BY KEN AULETTA

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

"It now appeared to him fitting and necessary, in order to win a greater amount of honor for himself and serve his country at the same time, to become a knight-errant and roam the world on horseback, in a suit of armor. . . ."

—Cervantes, *Don Quixote*

The knight-errant of American liberalism, Hubert Horatio Humphrey, journeyed to the main ballroom of the Americana Hotel one recent Sunday, as he did to Newark two nights before, to honor a member of Congress. On the surface, nothing had changed. Humphrey spoke for 53 minutes—eleven of which he spent on introductions—regaling his audience with odds and ends from his scrapbook of old speeches.

In fact, much had changed. Liberalism—that old-time religion—was now in disrepute. Liberals had lied and mismanaged city moneys and created an administrative monster out of Medicaid. Busing wasn't working. "Law and order" was no longer a conservative slogan. The Democrats' leading presidential candidates and governors had abandoned the old religion. Ford was in the White House, Reagan on the hustings, and the problems of poor people on the back burner. There should have been little for this gathering of New York Democrats to cheer about.

Enter Hubert Humphrey, defender of the faith, here to reassure this congregation of liberals that they have not been wrong, that humility in the pursuit of social justice is no virtue. "Get yourselves together and get ready, because we're going to bring on the dynamo," warned Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm.

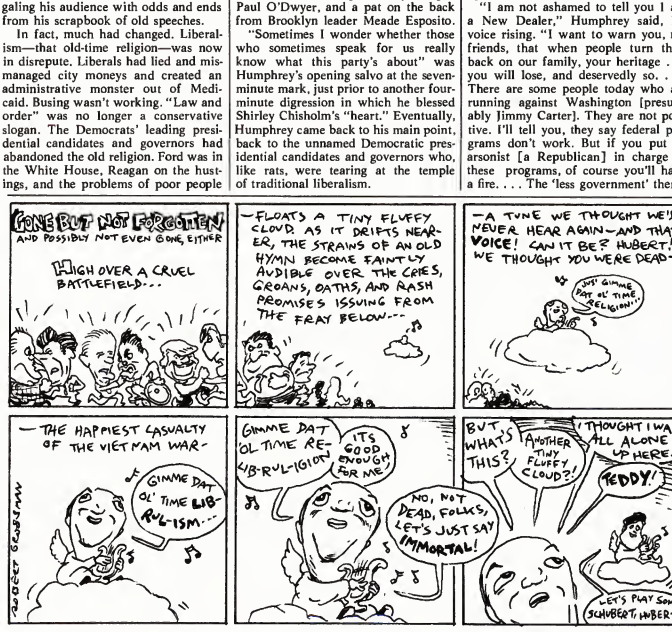
Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton introduced him as "a man who has not just come to the cause." Humphrey bounded for the stage, accompanied by the cheering of Herman Badillo, Bella Abzug, Charley Rangel, Paul O'Dwyer, and a pat on the back from Brooklyn leader Meade Esposito.

"Sometimes I wonder whether those who sometimes speak for us really know what this party's about" was Humphrey's opening salvo at the seven-minute mark, just prior to another four-minute digression in which he blessed Shirley Chisholm's "heart." Eventually, Humphrey came back to his main point, back to the unnamed Democratic presidential candidates and governors who, like rats, were tearing at the temple of traditional liberalism.

"I think we can and will win this election because we prove that the party of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson still cares. . . .

"Ronald Reagan is setting the rules for this campaign. Less is good. Government is too big. . . . Well, I'll tell you, I'm not about to fall for it. . . ." Humphrey was getting into the old rhythm, whacking the podium first with his right hand, then with his left, one minute ridiculing Reagan as "the midnight Romeo of the desert," the next, those "pseudointellectuals" (Governor Jerry Brown, presumably) who "peddle" that "less is more."

"I am not ashamed to tell you I am a New Dealer," Humphrey said, his voice rising. "I want to warn you, my friends, that when people turn their back on our family, your heritage . . . you will lose, and deservedly so. . . . There are some people today who are running against Washington [presumably Jimmy Carter]. They are not positive. I'll tell you, they say federal programs don't work. But if you put an arsonist [a Republican] in charge of these programs, of course you'll have a fire. . . . The 'less government' theme



Illustrated by Robert Grossman

is just a code word for neglect, a code word for ignoring our cities. . . . Neglect of our cities is a new form of racism.

"I'm waiting for someone on the national scene to outline a program of what our cities ought to be." He banged the podium top again, and again, reminding his audience of John Kennedy's promise to land a man on the moon before the close of the sixties. "We made up our mind to do it and we didn't ask the costs. . . . Today what we need again is a voice like Roosevelt's saying that we have nothing to fear but fear itself. . . ."

Most of his enthusiastic audience seemed to believe him, as many would not have in 1968. In that year, U.S. Senate candidate Paul O'Dwyer, passionately against the Vietnam war, refused to embrace Humphrey's presidential candidacy. Tonight, O'Dwyer sat directly across from Humphrey at the head table and they chatted amiably. In 1972, George McGovern bitterly blamed Humphrey for affixing the "radical" tag on him in the California primary. This year, says a senior member of his staff, "McGovern likes him and thinks he's a big-hearted, smart, likable guy." In 1970, Earl Craig Jr. challenged Humphrey in a Minnesota Senate primary race. This year he endorsed him for president. Mark Green, a former Ralph Nader associate and current Ramsey Clark campaign manager, summarizes the common ailment: "I'm soft on Hubert Humphrey."

So are a lot of other present and former liberal activists. Their reasons can be gleaned from Humphrey's speech. He never mentioned Vietnam. The prime issue was no longer foreign policy, but the economy. Liberal activists have also changed. They are more practical. "The people who got into politics in 1968 or 1972 have fewer illusions about politics," thinks McGovern's press secretary, Alan Baron. Humphrey has been punished for his sins. And, at a time when liberals are confused over their presidential candidates, as well as their own ideas, and are drifting into unfamiliar pessimism, old Hubert just bounces back to reassure and rekindle their lost optimism.

In the process, Humphrey intends to win "a greater amount of honor" not just for liberalism, but for himself. Hubert Humphrey—as he has in four of the last five presidential campaigns—is running for president. You learn this not from a formal announcement. It is in the flirtatious tease he treated his audience to Sunday night: "Before I forget, I am a candidate . . . [Pause.] I'm a candidate for the U.S. Senate." It is on the lapels of several of his Washington staffers who sport tiny gold HHH pins. It is in the regional meetings of the Joint Economic Committee, which Humphrey chairs, and which has given him a statesmanlike platform to address the Democrats' number-one issue, unemployment, in some of its number-one cities—Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Los Angeles, New York. It is in his invitation to twenty or so New York Democrats to visit his hotel suite late Sunday night, in the way he reportedly disparages in private the current candidates as "ponies, not horses." Eugene McKenna, who headed Humphrey's New York staff in 1972, now says he is "running a boiler-room operation" to "keep track of who is filing for convention delegates and who they are and where they're going to be."

The Humphrey people are counting on Jackson to falter, and on labor—and perhaps Humphrey—to stop Carter. A lot of Democrats, including Hubert Humphrey, plainly don't fancy Carter. The political problem for Humphrey is that he had hoped to remain above the fray and to be everyone's second choice at a deadlocked convention. But if Humphrey waits too long, Carter might walk off with the nomination, the liberals might coalesce around Udall, or labor might jump on a post-Massachusetts Jackson bandwagon. Yet if Humphrey plunges into the race he becomes everyone's target.

Right now Humphrey can still act the elder statesman. Democrats who peg Carter, probably correctly, as an opportunist for, among other sins, embracing Lester Maddox in 1970, forget it was Humphrey's arms that were hugging Maddox in 1967. Fibbing about one's humble background is not foreign to Humphrey. As Carter claims he is a peanut farmer when, in fact, he is a major peanut warehouser, so Humphrey used to imply he was raised in poverty in Doland, South Dakota, when in reality he hails from a prosperous family. The Democrats Humphrey thinks are waffling on busing in 1976 are only doing what Humphrey did in Florida in 1972. And those he thinks are retreating from liberalism are merely following the old liberal master who, addressing the U.S. Chamber of Commerce on May 1, 1968, assured his listeners he was no longer a fiery liberal. "Some say, 'You've changed, Mr. Humphrey,'" he said, "and indeed I have. Of course I've changed. And I hope for the better."

Polls show that Humphrey is popular among Democrats; certainly he is among party leaders. But that may not be enough in a year when the voters, unlike their leaders, may be tired of both liberalism and the familiar. If that is true, then the knight-errant, once again, is tilting at windmills. ■

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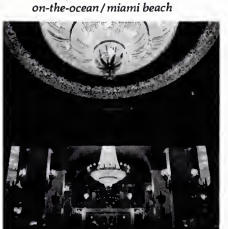

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THE BOTTOM LINE

BY DAN DORFMAN

OGDEN REID'S POTENTIAL CONFLICT OF INTEREST

Reid: *He'd rather not sell his stocks.*

Is Disclosure Enough?

A behind-the-scenes struggle appears to be developing that could force Governor Carey to seek the resignation of Ogden R. Reid as commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation. The matter is likely to come to a head March 19, when Reid is scheduled to meet with the state's Board of Public Disclosure, the seven-man committee set up by the Carey administration last May to head off potential conflicts of interest involving state employees with annual salaries of $30,000 or more. The board, which rarely requests personal appearances, called for the meeting.

As we went to press, Reid was pressing the board for an earlier meeting, hoping to resolve any differences and thereby head off an impending news story in *New York* Magazine.

The board's chief focus of concern centers on Reid's substantial and diversified securities portfolio. Of particular interest are six of Reid's equity holdings—American Home Products, IBM, Xerox, Bristol-Myers, Pfizer, and Exxon, plus a Tenneco bond—with a reported aggregate market value of about $1.5 million. As investments, one would think these securities are unexceptionable. But what's disturbing some members of the disclosure board is that the agency Reid heads is directly charged with enforcing the pollution-control standards in New York. Of the seven companies whose securities he owns, all have operations in the state.

Informally, Reid has indicated to the board that only "routine permits" are involved. But one board member told me last week that such a comment is "a lot of bunk." Says this board member: "When you have jurisdiction over companies and that jurisdiction includes the power to make decisions that could cause them to spend hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars, there's no way in the world than can be construed as 'routine.' "

At present, General Electric is involved in a battle with ENCON, as Reid's environmental agency is often called, that could cause GE to spend millions of dollars to establish more effective pollution-control standards. Reid has been leading the fight against GE. But the board member wonders how the public would react if Reid were to take a less vigorous approach if, say, IBM or Xerox were involved. "There would always be the suspicion in such a case, merited or not," he says, "that Reid was holding off because of personal motives."

The Aftermath of Mayday

On May 1, 1975, the Securities & Exchange Commission ordered an end to fixed commissions on the purchase and sale of securities. It was supposed to be a great step forward. The advent of competitive pricing was to ensure all investors the best possible price.

How has competitive pricing worked out? For the institutional investors—who buy and sell equities in size—it's been great. They're getting discounts of up to 70 percent on their brokerage commissions. For most mortals, however, it's hard to tell that anything has changed. The table below shows that, except for the brokerage discounters, such as Source Securities and Quick & Reilly, the public is often paying more now to buy and sell a stock than it did in the days of fixed rates. We show what some leading brokerage houses were charging last week to execute some routine transactions—100 shares of RCA at 26, 200 shares of Westinghouse at 18, and 300 shares of Pan American World Airways at 7:

	100 shs. RCA @ 26	200 shs. Westinghouse @ 18	300 shs. Pan Am @ 7
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Thomson & McKinnon, Auchincloss, Kohlmeyer	61.00	85.00	73.00
Hornblower & Weeks—Hemphill, Noyes Inc.	55.51	82.00	77.00
Shearson Hayden Stone	55.12	81.32	69.00
Merrill Lynch	54.60	79.60	67.50
Bache Halsey Stuart Inc.	54.10	79.60	69.25
Blyth Eastman Dillon	54.00	79.00	68.00
E. F. Hutton	54.00	81.00	69.00
Lehman Brothers	53.95	78.88	68.07
Dean Witter	53.94	78.88	68.07
Old Maximum NYSE Rate	53.94	78.88	68.07
Wertheim & Company	53.94	78.88	68.07
Drexel Burnham	53.44	77.69	67.18
Oppenheimer & Company	53.00	80.00	66.00
Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis	52.00	74.00	70.00
Reynolds Securities	52.00	75.00	66.00
Old Minimum NYSE Rate	49.94	72.00	66.00
Shields Model Roland	49.94	73.04	63.03
Source Securities Corporation	35.00	50.00	42.00
Quick & Reilly, Inc.	32.36	47.32	40.84

The same board member said he was frankly surprised that Reid hadn't yet sold the stocks that posed a conflict —even though he hadn't yet been officially asked to do so by the board. "There's been enough communication to indicate to Reid that there was a question of impropriety in holding on to those stocks," he said.

I spoke to Reid last week and he clearly indicated that he didn't want to dispose of the shares. "It's unreasonable to ask a state official to divest himself of his entire stock portfolio," he said. "And you would have to look far and wide to find some company that doesn't do business in New York State in one form or another. The principle, I think, is full disclosure, and I've disclosed."

What happens if the board insists on divestiture of the stocks? "The question hasn't been raised," Reid replied, "and I don't want to prejudge what the board is going to do."

William D. Cabin, executive secretary of the disclosure board, confirmed that the board would shortly meet with Reid. "And if there's an impasse, the matter will be referred to Governor Carey," he said. All previous board referrals have been accompanied by a recommendation (the board doesn't have enforcement powers) that the official be asked to resign. To date, Carey has gone along with the board's recommendations.

The outcome in Reid's case remains to be seen. But one board member told me that "the board should be dissolved if Reid refuses to sell his stocks and Carey goes along with him. And a blind trust isn't going to satisfy me either," he said, "because Reid will still know he owns the stocks. There's a clear conflict of interest here, and if it was anybody else but Reid, it would have been resolved a long time ago."

In a related matter, Carey, early in February, expanded the scope of the people covered by the disclosure board to include officials of the Emergency Financial Control Board and the Municipal Assistance Corporation. In the case of Big MAC, I'm told, there's been strong resistance to the disclosure of assets by a number of members including chairman Felix Rohatyn. There is even talk that Rohatyn would resign before making any such disclosure.

"Not so," Rohatyn told me last week. "I'm not concerned with disclosure, but with leaks," he said. "And that's the feeling of the Big MAC board. We will try to work something out—but we want our privacy protected." Meanwhile, a couple of other MAC members —treasurer Donna Shalala and Thomas Flynn—have indicated they will submit full financial statements. ■

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The "yachtsman" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Hadem

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He'll even point out a little thing like the defoggers/defrosters that help clear the front side windows. Because when you have traffic thundering to the right and the left of you, it isn't a little thing.

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

March 9 through 16

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

OPENINGS

Wednesday, March 10

Immoral Tales–Directed by Weierian Borowczyk, the film is inspired by four highly erotic tales and stars Picasso's daughter, Paloma. Fine Arts.

Thursday, March 11

Robin and Marian–The Robin Hood legend retold. Directed by Richard Lester. Starring Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn, Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. Radio City Music Hall.

Monday, March 15

My Michael–Directed by Dan Wolman, based on Amos Oz's novel, film tells of a young marriage in Jerusalem during the 1950's, and stars Oded Kotler and Efret Lavie. Festival.

THE MOVIES

A Brief Vacation–Vittorio de Sica's next-to-last film shows the once exciting neo-realist director well after all the "neo" was gone, and with very little of the realism left. A sentimental tale about a young working-class wife exploited by her mean husband and in-laws. Having contracted TB she is sent to an improbably lush government-operated mountain sanatorium. Here she makes interesting friendships, and almost finds love and happiness with an absurdly lyrical young worker before her former life reclaims her. Despite the fascinating but inappropriate presence of Florinda Bolkan in the lead, this can best be described as "The Magic Molehill." 3/17, Bleecker St Cinema.

All Screwed Up–Lina Wertmuller's film is about the migretion of Southern Italians to the heavily industrialized city of Milan. A bunch of young workers form e commune and the work examines their adventures both inside and outside the apartment they have taken over and refurbished. However, the film does not truly come off because the writer-director has bitten off more than she can chew; there are too many main characters and stories and problems crowded into a relatively narrow compass. Cinema Studio.

And Now My Love–Claude Lelouch is e filmmaker with e clever technique and grandiose ideas that fall flat. In this film the letter are even more in evidence than the former—even to summarize the plot would take a page or two—and we get the history of cinema, World War II, a round-the-world travelogue, existential philosophy, and much, much more leading to a mere boy-meets-girl finale. For fake profundities, unsurpassable. Nice acting by Charler Denner and Martha Keller. 3/10-16, Art.

Barry Lyndon–Stanley Kubrick seems more concerned with landscapes, costumes, and then, even, with what happens to the characters in the Thackeray novel. He has omitted a great many episodes that make for density; the resultant impression is of a series of vignettes, a jumping from highlight to highlight. Ryan O'Neal looks engaging, but his performance, except in one or two scenes, does not rise above the level of a nice try. Marise Berenson appears somewhere around the middle of the film, and has five or ten lines of dialogue or so—any more might have been more than she could handle. Ziegfeld.

Catherina & Co.–The film is surely the most loathsome, the most offensive dungheap mesqueroding as a movie to be seen in years, perhaps ever. It presents sexuality as smirking, sweaty, mercenary, bestial, exhibitionistic, completely selfish. The movie is mostly about e nasty baggage called Jane Birkin. Jean-Pierre Aumont is on hand as a kinky aging nobleman. This horror, which gets an R rating (so much for retings!) was directed by Michel Boisrond. Thru 3/9, Fine Arts.

Confrontation–Film based on the 1936 assessination of a Swiss Nazi, in Davos, by a Yugoslav. Directed by Roll Lyssy. 68th St Plyhse.

French Provincial–Jeanne Moreau stars in Andre Techine's film about the past 70 years of life as reflected in the story of a provincial family which is turned upside down by two women who marry into it. Embassy 72nd.

Death in Venice–Luchino Visconti at his most rottenripe. To make a movie from Mann's novella was a bad enough idea; to make *this* movie, unforgivable. Sumptuous decor and costumes, middling photography of Venice (still something to look at), uninspired performance by Dirk Bogarde, and a lot of pretentious nothing besides. Even Mahler gets badly played on the sound track. 3/13, Carnegie Hell Cinema.

Dog Day Afternoon–Based on real events, this is the first comic, then deadly serious story of a Brooklyn bank robbery by two addled characters who, as the plot thickens, become more and more bizarre. The mixture of comedy and tragedy does not come off entirely, and too many big subjects (gay liberation, Attica, motherhood, Catholicism) are brought in too haphazerdly—almost irresponsibly. Fine ecting by Al Pacino and Chris Serandon, but also some bad casting and poor direction. Sidney Lumet's direction is adequate but the film sags in places. Forum; Beekman: Paramount.

Farewell, My Lovely–Dick Richards directed this remake of *Murder, My Sweet* (1945). By either name, the film smells unsweet. The plot remains hard to follow and less than persuasive. But ingenious cinematography by John (*Chinatown, The Fortune*) A. Alonzo and perfect atmosphere through his very paiette, and seedIness or menece through superb lighting. And those wishing to feel nostalgia for 1941, can, but for Mr. Dovoulas's production design, get eli they want here. 3/10-16, Art.

From Beyond the Grave–Based on four short stories from a collection of strange tales by R. Chetwynd-Hayes, film tells of an old antique shop where all tastes are catered to. Directed by Kevin Connor, with David Warner, Margaret Leighton, Peter Cushing, Donela Pleasance, Ian Carmichael Diane Dors. Cinerama; Loew's Orpheum E 86th.

Gable and Lombard–Ploddingly directed from an utterly benighted screenplay, this is supposed to be the funny and touching love story between two darlings of the movies who made both love and war to each other and would have been married sooner if there hadn't been a jealous wife, could have enjoyed life together more but for Puritan morality and its high-priest Louis B. Meyar, and might have lived happily ever after but for a plane crash. This story is neither funny nor sad nor true, only laughable and tasteless, and James Brolin is appalling as Gable. Jill Clayburgh shows spirit and talent as Lombard, but is defeated by script (Barry Sandler) and direction (Sidney Furie). Loews Cine

Grey Gardens–A film by David and Albert Maysles, portreying a mother and daughter born to wealth, power, and social position who had shut the door on the outside world for about twenty years, and are living out their lives in e decaying mansion in East Hampton. Paris.

Hester Street–About Lower-East-Side Jewish Immigrants at the turn of the century, it is the first film of Joan Micklin Silver, is in sleazy black and white, amateurishly photographed by Kenneth Van Sickle, and is played by some actors who are dependably bad and others who have been known to be good until working with this director. Only Mel Howard, who is not a professional actor but shows restraint and dignity, emerges unscathed. Juliet !

Hiroshima, Mon Amour–Alain Resnais at his early best, in a film that, despite flews, is often moving and always innovative, and, in fact, made cinematic history. The excitement of the initial sequences weers off toward the end, but this is a landmark film, finely ected by Emanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, sensitively shot in black and white, and very intelligently directed. 3/16, Elgin.

Inserts–A self-styled degenerate film with class, not only ecutely lacks class, but also fails to deliver much degeneracy by currently accepted community standards. Entire film is indecisive about how serious and even touching it wants to be under its fercical facade, or whether, in fact,it is just funkily absurd. Directed by John Byrum; Richard Dreyfuss stars. Criterion; Eastside; 66th St E.

I Will, I Will... For Now–If it weren't a movie but a person, this film would be a nonagenarian wheeled about a California old folks's home, and that institution's prime bore. It is one vast, nay, endless, untunny clean dirty joke about risque words that almost get uttered, sex that almost gets performed, nudity that never crosses the papal demarcation line, but waggles frenetically just this side of it. Norman Panama directs; Diane Keaton and Elliott Gould co-star. Thru 3/9, Sutton.

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie–The films of John Cassavetes are, by and lerge, sterile actors' exercises, and this one offers only extreme close-ups and murky lighting, neither penetrating nor illuminating the subject. it concerns e man, who after seven years, has just made the last payment to the mob on a strip joint on the L.A. strip, and tells of his adventures thereafter. Give us *cinéma verité* rather than actors' improvisations posturing as lifel Columbie ! & !.

Little Murders–Jules Feiffer's very funny but rather spotty stage play loses just about everything in this cinematic transcription. Directed with ell stops pulled and the black humor—about violence in our cities and society—escalated to the point of violating the audience in the vilest ways. 3/12, Elgin.

Lova and Anarchy–Lina Wertmuller is one of the exciting new directors coming up in the film world. Here she deels with a man trying to kill the Duce while hiding out and getting emotionally involved in a brothel. The film does not quite come off, but is honest, artistic, and involving. New Yorker.

The Magic Flute–Though Ingmar Bergman's version may well be the best filmed opera ever, unfortunately that does not mean very much. For all his good intentions and cinematic achievements, Bergman hasn't been much help to Mozart. The trouble with putting opera on film is that even when you do it right, you are wrong to do it at ell, just remarking us how much better it would be in the Opera House, where it belongs. Festival; from 3/10, Embassy 72nd; from 3/17, Weverly.

Man Friday–Based on Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, film stars Peter O'Toole and Richard Roundtree, and was directed by Jeck Gold. Loews Tower East and Astor Plaza.

The Man Who Would Be King–An unpretentious adventure story based on Kipling's tale, this is John Huston's best film in 23 years, or since *The African Queen*. It is a solid begatelle, like those new, creative toys for children that are made to be attractive, safe, and also a bit mind-stretching. What really makes the film is racy acting combined with nifty dissembling location photography. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Christopher Plummer, the last-named being the very essence of Kiplingishness. Waverly; Kip's Bay; 72nd St E.

Marriage Italian Style–Based on the work of Eduardo de Filippo, the life of Italy's comic theater, this De Sica movie is lively, funny, and winning. The plot is as basic as they come: poor girl married rich man, and the complications this involves—premarital, marital, and post-marital. But there is a great deal of Neapolitan atmosphera, World War II and its aftermath, splendid performances by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, and lots of basic, humane fun. 3/10, Bleecker St Cinema.

Next Stop Greenwich Village–Paul Mazursky continues his career as a slick sentimental self-serving filmmaker, here waxing nostalgic over his youth in the Village of the 50s where he came from Brooklyn to become an ector. Larry (Paul) is a nice Jewish boy surrounded by crazy Village characters, a kooky acting coach, a loveable luncheon-counter owner for whom he works part-time, a decent but breathless girl friend who becomes pregnant, a fierce mother who descends on him with food and

lamentations end many more soggy platitudes. Lenny Baker, and especially Ellen Greene, are fine. Shelley Winters is horrendous. Mazursky's direction is obvious, and the cinematography poor. Cinema I.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Milos Forman's film is faithful to the general outline and adequate to the trappings of Ken Kesey's novel, but misses its essence. A state insane asylum provides the locale for a basic conflict between the Establishment and the counter-culture, and another between two sexual antagonists: one who enforces sterile, orderly chastity, and the other who makes of his joviality, randy, unremitting masculinity a magic force meant to have a liberating, life-enhancing effect. Trans-Lux E; Trans-Lux 85th; Greenwich; Thalia; Rivoli.

Saiut, l'Artiste!—A graceful and thought-provoking film, normally about the hiring, hustling, and heartbreak that go into maintaining a foothold on the lower rungs of show business. Mercello Mastroianni is good as a broken-down actor with job and woman troubles; Jean Rochefort is better yet as his friend and colleague. Superb performances by Carla Gravina, and especially Francoise Fabian, in an intelligent film cogently directed and edited by Yves Robert. Actually, in e still voice, it speeks to and about all of us. Baronet.

The Seduction of Mimi—Lina Wertmuller, one of the best younger directors today, in Italy and the West. The mix, es usual, is politics and sex, comedy and drama. Although severely cut for the American market, this is still a funny, gripping film, dashingly directed, and with soma ideas in its head. New Yorker.

Seven Beauties—This film establishes the already remarkable Lina Wertmuller, the sexual and directorial. A film about life and death, love and hate—all the greet subjects, in brilliant color (both figuratively and literally thanks to Delli Colli's great photography) but also rare delicacy. Memorable performances by Giancarlo Giennini, Shirley Stoler, end others. This is a comedy to make you cry, a tragedy to make you think. See iti Cinema II; Murray Hill.

The Story of Adele H.—Truffaut's latest film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, fell the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she hed followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes e sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty years she made this film, pleys Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. Plaza.

Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August—Arrogant capitalist mistress and maltreated manservant are shipwrecked eione together on a desert island. Now he becomes the provider, patriarch, and despot, and she the slave and mistress who ends up loving it—until the roles are reversed again. An old, schematic plot serves the highly talented filmmaker Lina Wertmuller very well for her witty yet earnest, sensational-seeming yet penetrating and often gripping film. Well acted, prettily photographed, and, ebove all, intelligently written and directed. Not without flaws, but provocative and rewarding. 72nd St. E; Olympia; 3/10-16, Playboy; Gramercy; St Marks Cinema.

Taxi Driver—Another undisciplined film by Mertin Scorsese, this time about a maladjusted loner who drives a taxi by night and gets crazier by the day. The film tries to be too many things, a study in psychopathology, a documentary about hacking, a political parable, two separate aborted love stories, e love and hate letter to New York City, and manages to flub most of them if not all. Insecure direction, but mostly good performances, particularly by Robert De Niro and Jodie Foster. And one dreadful one by Cybill Shepherd. Also pretentious cinematography and a bombastic score. Some good atmosphere, but even that is overdone. Little Carnegie; Coronet; Loews State I; Embassy 46th.

Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others—Directed by Claude Sautet, film about three older men, and the son of a dead fourth, in love, seeing to its performances. Yves Montand is in peek form; Michel Piccoli keeps his characteristic edge of sinisterness well in hand; Serge Reggiani is on target in the most difficult of the principal roles; and young Gerard Depardieu continues to demonstrate his easygoing versatility. Most winning among the women are Stephane Audran, and Marie Dubois, who hes a marvelous way of suggesting the lower-class intentions that lurk beneath an upward-mobile complecency. Regency; D. W. Griffith.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES
Schedules change at drop of a hat; phone ahead.

Art, 38 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 3/9, *All Screwed Up.* 3/10-16, *Farewell My Lovely; And Now My Lova.*

Baronet, 3rd Ava at 59th (355-1663). *Salut l'Artiste.*

Beekman, 2nd Ava nr 85th (RE 7-2622). *Dog Day Afternoon.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Leguardia Pl (874-2560). 3/9, *Vidas Secas; Hunger for Love.* 3/ 10, *Marriage—Italian Style; After the Fox.* 3/11, *The Three-Penny Opera; Pepe La Moko.* 3/12, *Harold and Maude; Travels with My Aunt.* 3/13, *Women in Love; Loves of Isadora.* 3/14, *The Emigrants; The New Land.* 3/15, *Two Daughters; Don't* 3/18, *Ganga Zumba; Plantation Boy.* 3/17, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis; A Brief Vacation.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ava betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 3/9, *The Cat and the Canary; Waxworks; The Black Cat.* 3/10, *Kind Hearts and Coronets; The Man in the White Suit.* 3/11, *The Garden of Allah; The Devil is a Woman.* 3/12, *East of Eden; A Face in the Crowd.* 3/13, *Death in Venice; Suddenly, Last Summer.* 3/14, *King Lear; Macbeth.* 3/15, *The Three Faces of Eve, Puzzle of a Downtail Child.* 3/16, *The Music Room; Two Daughters.* 3/17, *Sanshiro Sugata; The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail; The Drunken Angel.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ava nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Next Stop Greenwich Village.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ava nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Seven Beauties.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th St (877-4040). Thru 3/ 9, *All Screwed Up.* From 3/10, *Blazing Saddles.*

Cinerama, 1585 Bdway (285-5711). *From Beyond the Grave.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ava at 64th (832-1670). *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ava at 64th (832-1870). *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie.*

Coronet, 3rd Ava nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Taxi Driver.*

Criterion, Bdway and 45th (JU 2-1795). *Inserts* (porn).

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ava (759-4830). *Vincent, Francois, Paul & the Others.*

E 86th St l, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *From Beyond the Grave.*

86th St II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). From 3/10, *Killer Force.*

E 59th St I, nr 3rd Ave (888-1717). *Her Family Jewels* (porn).

E 59th St II, nr 3rd Ave (888-1717) *Exposa Me Lovely* (porn).

Eastside, 3rd Ava at 55th (755-3020). *Inserts* (porn).

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 3/9, *A Night in Casablanca; Betty Boop Scandals.* 3/10-18, *Fellini Amarcord; Cries and Whispers.*

86th St E, 3rd Ava at 86th (249-1144). *Inserts* (porn).

Elgin, 8th Ava & 19th (675-0935). If you're over 82 you can go to the Elgin any time for a quartar. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight, *The Harder They Come.* 3/9, *Band of Assassins; Machibuse.* 3/ 10, *Jezebel; Red Angel.* 3/11, *Woman in the Dunes; The Ambitions.* 3/12, *Slaughterhouse Five; Little Murders.* 3/13, *Walk About; White Dawn.* 3/14, *Sleeping Beauty; Romeo & Juliet.* 3/15, *The Great McGinty; Bullet for Bonnie.* 3/16, *Last Year at Marienbad; Hiroshima Mon Amour.*

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (PL 7-2408). *Taxi Driver.*

Embassy 72nd, 72nd & Bdway (SC 4-8745). Thru 3/ 9, *French Provincial.* From 3/10, *The Magic Flute.*

Festival, 57th St & Fifth Ava (581-2323). Thru 3/14, *The Magic Flute.* From 3/15, *My Michael.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-0030). Thru 3/9, *Catherine & Co.* From 3/10, *Immoral Tales.*

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). *Dog Day Afternoon.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 3/ 9, *Hustle.* From 3/10, *Swept Away.*

Greenwich, 12th et Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ava (PL 7-2406). *Challenge To Be Free.*

Juliet I, 3rd Ava nr 84th (249-1906). *Hester Street.*

Juliet II, 3rd Ava nr 84th (249-1906). *Story of O.*

Kip's Bay, 2nd Ava & 31st (884-2290). Thru 3/9, *Bananas; Take the Money and Run.* 3/10-3/16, *The Man Who Would Be King.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Taxi Driver.*

Loews Astor-Plaza, 44th & Bdway (869-8340). *Man Friday.*

Loews Cinè, 3rd Ava nr 88th (427-1332). *Gable and Lombard.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th St nr 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Emanuelle: The Joys of a Woman* (porn).

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Taxi Driver.*

Loews State II, Bdway et 45th (582-5070). Thru 3/9, *Emanuella: The Joys of a Woman* (porn). From 3/ 10, *Blazing Saddles.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Man Friday.*

Lows Tripiex, Bdway et 83rd (877-3190). *Beyond The Grave. The Man Who Would Be King. Killer Force.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ava (685-7652). *Seven Beauties.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7078). 3/9, noon, French shorts; 2 p.m. *La Chant du Depart;* 5:30, What's Happening? 3/11, 2 p.m. *David Golder;* 5:30, *Daguerrotypes;* 8 p.m. *Les Hautes Solitudes.* 3/12, 2 p.m. *Histoire du Paul;* 5:30, *David Golder.* 3/13, noon, *The Unholy Three;* 3 p.m. *Trompe L'Oeil;* 5:30, *La Republique Est Morte A Dien Bien Phu.* 3/14, noon, *The Unholy Three;* 3 p.m. *Histoire De Paul:* 5:30, *Ciel, Strangelove.* 3/14, noon, French shorts; 2 p.m. *Le Jardin Que Bascule;* 5:30, An Evening with Hubert Smith, California. 3/18, noon, French shorts; 2 p.m. *La Republique...;* 5:30, What's Happening?

National, 1500 Bdway (669-0952). *Snuff.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 3/9, *The Seduction of Mimi; Love and Anarchy.* 3/10-18, *Hound of the Baskervilles; The Scarlet Claw.* 3/17-23, *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes; Sherlock Holmes Faces Death.* 3/24-30, *Sherlock Holmes's Smarter Brother; The Pearl of Death.*

Olympia, Bdway et 107th (865-8128). Thru 3/16, *Swept Away; Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx.*

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). *Dog Day Afternoon.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Grey Gardens.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). $1 at all times, Thru 3/9, *Hustle; Framed.* 3/10-18, *Swept Away; Don't Look Now.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *The Story of Adele H.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* Thru 3/9, *Swept Away.* 3/10, *Seduction of Mimi; Love and Anarchy. Hester Street.* Thru 3/9, *Battle of Algiers; To Die in Madrid.* From 3/10, *Blazing Saddles. Lies My Father Told Me; I Never Sang for My Father.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th & 6th Ave (246-4600). From 3/11, *Robin and Marian.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). *Vincent, Francois, Paul & the Others.*

Rivoli, 1820 Broadway (247-1633). *One Flew Ovar the Cuckoo's Nest.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 3/9, *Swept Away.* 3/10-16, *The Man Who Would Be King.* 3/17-23, *The Sunshine Boys.*

St Marks, 2nd Ave at 8th St Marks Pl (777-1955). $1 et eil times. Thru 3/9, *Hustle; The Gambler.* 3/10-16, *Swept Away; Elvira Madigan.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Confrontation (Assassination in Davos).*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). Thru 3/9, *I Will, I Will... For Now.* From 3/10, *Blazing Saddles.*

Symphony, Bdway at 95th (AC 2-6600). *Hester Street.*

Thalia, Bdway at 95th (AC 2-3370). *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

Theater 54, Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). Thru 3/9, *Honolulu; Rosalie.* 3/10-13, *The Scoundrel; Design for Living.* 3/14-16, *Dancing Lady; Reckless.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (685-0295) Thru 3/9, *2001: Space Journey.* From 3/10, To be announced.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 3/9, *Jaws.* From 3/10, *Lucky Lady.*

Waverly, 6th Ava at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 3/18, *The Man Who Would Be King.* From 3/17, *Tha Magic Flute.*

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave, at 75th (249-4100). New American Filmmakers Series— Thru 3/ 9, *The Yanomamo Indians.* 3/10-18, Films of Ken Jacobs.

Ziegfeld, 54th nr 6th Ave (765-7600). Thru 3/23, *Barry Lyndon.* From 3/24, *Moses.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

"Amax honored" indicates those thaatars which honor Amarican Express credit cards, and some accept reservations by phona.

ON BROADWAY

PREVIEWS & OPENINGS

Thursday, March 11

Zaimen, or the Madness of God–A new play by Elie Wiesel about the problems of maintaining Jewishness in present-dey Soviet Russia. Directed by Alan Schneider. With Joseph Wiseman, and Richard Bauer as Zalmen. Previews start tonight prior to a 3/17 opening. Runs thru 5/9. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Tuesday, March 16

Me Jack You Jill–Sylvia Sidney, Lisa Kirk, and Barbara Baxley in a comedy of suspense by Robes Kossez, about three ladies: the mother, the wife, and the mistress of one man, who meet every week for six years. Directed by Harold J. Kennedy. With Russ Thacker. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

CURRENT

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long, Josephine Premice, and Vivian Reed. The other half, alas, is e silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. ANTA, 252 W 52nd (246-6270).

Chicago–Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera and Jerry Orbach star in a music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1928 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signeture, it demands to be seen. (*J.S.*) 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Mervin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's tauf, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies, and Priscilla Lopez's work as e Puerto Rican hoofer may be the most dazzling performance on Broedway these nights. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990). Amex honored

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play (or, "The Richard Burton Show," as it is now known) is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. And Burton, despite the glory of his voice, adds to the separation of character from play by the frigid classicism of his performance. Keith McDermott, as the youth, is excellent. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156). Amex honored

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mess media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. (*J.S.*) Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760). Amex honored

Knock Knock–Jules Feiffer's achingly funny parable deals, on the surface, with Joan of Arc's visit to a couple of aging Jewish hermits. Underneath, it is an unerringly accurate study of the New York *kvatch*. A wonderful show in a smashing production by the Circle Rep. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2 & 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

The Lady from the Sea–Vanessa Redgrave, Pat Hingle, John Hetterman in a revival of Henrik Ibsen's play, directed by Tony Richardson. Previews now prior to a 3/16 opening. Expected to run thru 5/23. Circle in the Square, Bcway bet 7th & 7th Aves (581-0720).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Doug Henning is starred as a magician, which he is. His "illusions" are truly astounding, and defy figuring out beyond a hypothesis or two, which is both disturbingly awesome and just as it should be. (*J.S.*) Wed thru Sat at 7:30 mat. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-5392).

A Matter of Gravity–Kather End Bagnold's play nor Katharine Hepburn's performance offer much insight into growing old gracefully. Admirers of Hepburn will note a few shreds of that classy manner that is uniquey hers, but old regret movies are better for that purpose. Very, very sad all around. Thru 4/10. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Me and Bessie–The raw fervor of Linda Hopkins's blues singing is all that matters here, and it's enough. Unfortunately, the show is also burdened with a silly script by Will Holt, which consists mostly of having Ms. Hopkins disavow the fact that she's Bessie Smith with all the fervor of a Kennedy disavowing politics. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed at 2; Sat at 2:30; Sun at 2:30 & 5:30. Edison, 240 W 47 (PL 7-7164). Amex honored

Mrs. Warren's Profession–Shaw's early essay on too-easy immorality is one of its stars, and Lynn Redgrave contributes a great personal glow as a daughter who finds that her mother hes a scarlet past. But Ruth Gordon is a disaster as the mother, uncomprehending and incomprehensible. Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

The Norman Conquests–The first of Alan Ayckbourn's three plays (*Table Manners*) is an unexceptionable update of hall-a-hundred British comedies about sexual politics during a weekend. Then come two more plays (*Living Together* and *Round and Round the Garden*) that tell the same story again. And again. Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, Estelle Parsons, Don Murray, Barry Nelson, and, best of all, Carole Shelley, are the six characters in search of a blue pencil. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230). Amex honored

Pacific Overtures–How Commodore Perry aimed his cannons at Japan and made the Toyota possible, retold in e joyously daring, inventive musical with some of Stephen Sondheim's best songs and a brilliant recreation by Harold Prince of Japan's traditional Kabuki theater. An outrageous, imperfect, provocative show gorgeous to behold. An Asian-American cast was Prince's study, main taking the women's roles. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Sat at 2 & Sun at 3. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878). Amex honored

Phoenix Festival of American Plays–In repertory: Tennessee Williams's *27 Wagons Full of Cotton*, and Arthur Miller's *A Memory of Two Mondays*, directed by Arvin Brown. Thru 3/21. From these two plays (and from Miller's abject, empty piece most of all) you might wonder why all the hoople about America's great playwriting past. Spotty work by the company, with nobody truly outstanding. Playhouse Theater, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. (*J.S.*) Mon thru Sat at 7:30; Mat Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

The Royal Family–Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman wrote this sappy little charmer (about a family that could have been the Barrymores) in 1927, when the theater lived on and for its great, eloquent, romantic actors. As Eve LaGallienne and Rosemary Harris glide regally through its measures, that era seems reborn. A miracle, minor but authentic. Sam Levene, Mary Louise Wilson and Joseph Maher are also fine. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380). Amex honored

Same Time, Next Year–Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*. It is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2. (*J.S.*) Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose, stars John Cullum. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tearjerking constitutes an itinerary. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m., Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. (*J.S.*) Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646). Amex honored

Travesties–The surface of Tom Stoppard's new play is a set of dazzling word-games, further down there is an ensuing collage of fact and fantasy, set in Zunch in 1917 and peopled by the likes of James Joyce, Vladimir Lenin, and the Dadaist Tristan Tzara. At the core is a touching study of an insignificant philistine, jostled by events beyond his comprehension. John Wood's central performance and Peter Wood's direction are spellbinding. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Very Good Eddie–A revival of an ancient (1915) musical done for a change with taste, respect, and a modest wit that positively glows. The cast is a little below deluxe, but the ensemble imparts great life to Jerome Kern's charming score and Guy Bolton's still-funny jokes. Booth, 222 W 45th (246-5969). Amex honored

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. (*J.S.*) Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730). Amex honored

Yenti–A big bagel, whose shiny surface is handsomely supplied by Robert Kalfin's staging, and whose empty center is Isaac Bashevis Singer's muddled folkpiay about the exchange in Yiddish on the Red country. Tovah Feldshuh is adorable in the title role, and a large cast works hard, but the play drowns in warm soup. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220). Amex honored

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

PREVIEWS & OPENINGS

Thursday, March 11

Fat Tuesday–A ribeid musical, written and directed by Roger Furman, set in a New Orleans brothel during Mardi Gras. Sprinkled with voodoo and Creole, the play celebrates the 30's and the blues. 3/11 at 7:30; 3/12 & 3/13 at 8:00; 3/14 at 2:00 $3. Lepercq Space, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100).

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PHILADELPHIA • BEVERLY HILLS

Tuesday, March 16

Vanities–A new play by Jack Heifner which explores the changing relationships of three women. Directed by Garland Wright. With Kathy Bates, Jane Galloway, and Susan Merson. Previews start tonight; opens 3/22. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

CURRENT

Apple Pie–Untidy but interesting allegory by Myrna Lamb tracing a woman's life from German Fascism to its current American counterpart. There's a lot of Brecht-Weill in both text and Nicholas Meyers's songs, which can't hurt nor can Stephanie Cotsirilos's enchanting work in the leading role. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette (677-6350).

The Bonus Army–Book by David Epstein; music and lyrics by Al Carmines; directed by Jacques Levy. 3/11-14, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq So (SP 7-0033).

The Boss–Chelsea's bicentennial production, written in 1911 by Edward Brewster Shelton, set in the midwest at the turn of the century. Tues thru Sun at 8, Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 3/14. $4. Chelsea Theater, Bklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Boy Meets Boy–A musical spoof of 30s movies that achieves gaiety in every sense, and is probably the first homosexual entertainment that could flourish in Dubuque. Bill Solly and Donald Ward have used light, antic strokes in their book, music, and lyrics. Mon, Wed, Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7:30 & 10:30; Sun at 3 & 6. Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave So (242-9657).

Broadway–A play by Phillip Dunning and George Abbott, directed by Arthur Reel. Tues, Wed at 7:30; Sat, Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. Thru 3/24, $2.50. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (675-5721).

Carmilla/A Vampire Tale–Written and directed by Wilfred Leach, this theatre opera blends rock blues and Dies Irae in a psychosexual, phantasmagorical tale of unspeakable corruption. 3/10-21, Wed. thru Sun. at 7:30 $5. La MaMa Annex, 66 E 4th St. (475-7710).

Cock-A-Doodle Dandy–Written by Sean O'Casey, directed by Ron Frazier. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. $2.50. Thru 3/14. WPA Theater, 333 Bowery (473-9345).

The Crystal–Nicholas Sean Austin's play. Fri, Sat & Sun, Thru 3/28. $2.50. Malachy Theater, 777 Tenth Ave (245-9518).

CSC Repertory–Moliere's *Tartuffe; The Hound of the Baskervilles;* Anouilh's *Antigone;* Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler; The Homecoming.* $6. The classics rewritten by a director (Christopher Martin) who thinks he's better than the original authors and is wrong. The Hedda of Karen Sunde may be the single most unappetizing creation in the wide, wide world of theater. Abbey Theater, 136 E 13th (677-4210).

The Disintegration of James Cherry–Jeff Wanshel's play, directed by David Kerry Heefner. 3/11, 12, 13, at 8 pm. 3/14 at 3 p.m. $2.50. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Eden–A new play by Steve Carter set in New York in 1927 involving two families living in adjoining apartment. Directed by Edmund Cambridge. Expected to run thru 4/4. St Marks Piyhouse, 133 Second Ave (OR 4-3530).

The Four Seasons of Salt–Written by Daniel Gabriel, directed by Anna Antaramian. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 3/27. $2.50. Basic East Theater, 196 Ave B, corner E. 12th (CA 8-3857).

Godapell–A frisky, exhilarating little rock musical, in its fourth smash year, full of ozone and lightheadedness, with a splendid cast, loosely based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. More fun than a barrel of well-schooled monkeys. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri at 7:30; Sat at 6 & 9; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Promenade, 2162 Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

The Greatest Man on Earth–A new play by Val Coleman, former civil rights activist. 3/11-14, at 7:30. Free. Henry St Playhouse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

The Hairy Ape–O'Neill's most distasteful play, a pointless essay in unredeemed degradation, gets a powerful performance under George Ferencz's direction, with enough sheer muscularity and fantasy

to take your mind off the words. Modest but superior entertainment. Thurs thru Sun, thru April. 120 W 28th (243-7494).

The Importance of Being Earnest–Revivel of the Oscar Wilde comedy. 3/18, 17, 18, 19, 20 et 8; 3/ 17 et 2. $2. Generoso Pope Auditorium, 113 W 60th (955-4774).

Jaan Cocteau Repertory–*The Importance of Being Earnest; Endgame; The Count of Monte Cristo; Desire Under the Elms.* Fri at 7:30, Sat at 7:30 & 10:30, Sun at 2:30 & 5:30. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Lemon Sky–Lanford Wilson's play, directed by Peter Thompson. Wed thru Sun, thru 3/14. Westside, 407 W 43 betw 9th & 10th (874-7509).

Line–Israel Horovitz's play, directed by Cerol Ilson. Thurs thru Sun. $3. 13th St Theater, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

Maggie Flynn–A musical by Hugo Pareti, Luigi Creatore and George D. Weiss, about orphaned children, draft resistance, Civil Wer in New York. Thru 3/21. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Manhattan Theater Club—*An Evening With Sholom Aleichem,* performed by Murray Horwitz, Wed. thru Sun, thru 3/21, et 8 p.m. $2.50. Also, same days at 7:30, *The Voice of the Turtle,* by John Van Druten. MTC, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

New Genesis–Trio of vignettes by Ed Bullins plus three one-actors by John Kendrick, Jo Ann Tedesco end Mel Winkler. Mon thru Wed at 7 p.m. thru 3/17. Alrogers Cafe Theater, 44 W 58th (586-2801).

Noel & Cole–*Just One of Those Things,* a tribute to Coword and Porter in song end dence. Thurs thru Sat at 9 p.m. Sun et 7:30 p.m. Thru 3/21. $2.50. Morgan's Old New York Grill, 134 Reade St (966-6220).

The Primary English Class–Five students (and a jenitor), ell speaking different languages, drive Diane Keaton up wells as she tries to ram some English into them. If it all sounds elementary, it is, but Israel Horovitz's sense of timing and observation make this a delightful evaning and it's nice to see Diane out of the Woodies at last. Circle-in-the-Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Repertory–Jaan Paul Sartra's *No Exit,* Fri & Set et 7:30, $3; Tennessee Williams's *This Property Is Condemned and Moony's Kid Don't Cry,* Sundey et 4. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Repertory–*Abstract Still,* by Candide Cummings. Fri at 8; Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. thru 3/15. A double Beckett bill, *Act Without Words I,* end *Happy Days.* Thurs, Sat and Sun at 8 p.m. thru 3/15. Little Theater, 150 W 26th (675-9689).

Rich and Famous–John Guare has pasted together some skits about fama end fortune, but both ink and glue are inferior to his better, previous work. William Atherton's performance is empty and bland; Ron Leibman and Anita Gillette are better, but in bleak material. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (877-6350).

Rocket to the Moon–Revivel of the Clifford Odets play, directed by Joel Friedman. Fri & Set at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Mon at 7 p.m. Thru 3/22. $2.50. Counterpoint, 333 Sixth Ave at W 4th (4th floor) (799-6954).

The Tempest–Shakespeare's work is restaged by Donald L. Brooks as an apocalyptic sci-fi tragicomedy of lost illusions. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 3/ 13. $2.50. Theater in Chelsea, 348 W 20th (WA 9- 2390).

Triple Bill–Tennessee Williams's *This Property Is Condemned;* Baraka's *The Slave;* Israel Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx.* Fri thru Sun, Thru 3/ 28. $5. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th (PL 5-5120).

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me–Three blithe spirits, led by the wry, elfin, enchanting Petti Perkins, celebrate New York's remaining pleasures in a revue thet is modest, cheeky, and beguiling. Hank Beebe and Bill Heyer have turned out a parcel of endearing songs for the occasion. Tues-Fri at 8; Sat, 7:30 & 10; Sun, 3 & 7:30. West Side Theater, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Who Killed Richard Cory?–The Edwin Arlington Robinson poem dremetized to its existential conclusion; by A. R. Gurney Jr., directed by Leonard Peters. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat et 7 & 10 p.m. Thurs at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $5. Thru 3/28. Circle Repertory, 99 7th Ave So on Sheriden Sq (924-7100).

Women In Black–Shelby Buford Jr.'s work, directed by Martin Zurla. then Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. from 3/12- 4/10. $3. Title Theater, Westbeth, 155 Bank St (260-8119).

Woyzeck–Georg Buchner's play, directed by Leonerdo Shapiro, with Joseph Cheikin in the title rola. Martinson Hall, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (877-6350).

Yorube–An original work conceived and directed by Doris Castellanos in the shape of e folkloric work about e Caribbean tribe. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 4:30. Thru 3/21. $3. INTAR, 508 W 53rd, at 10th Ave (247-6778).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's raviews

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After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Chateau Madrid–Lexington & 48th. Thru March, the South Americen Serita Rodas Ballet. Two Latin orchestras play for dancing Closed Monday (752-8080).

Club Caesares–2 E 88th. New club-cabaret with continental menus: plus Israeli entertainment. Also dancing. Closed Fridays (472-9100).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. New cafe-restaurant with ancient Egypt decor, international cuisine, Middle Eastern revue, with harem girls, Persian acrobats. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

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Jimmy Weston–131 E 54th. Stylish supper club, with jazz pianist-singer Hazel Scott and her Trio. The Tommy Furtedo Trio for dancing Tues thru Sat; Bernie Leighton Quartet Sun & Mon (838-8384).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th, nr Sixth Ave. Well-appointed restaurant. Maurice, the owner, makes superb cheesecake. Mon thru Set, from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. there's e most pleesant string trio (JU 2-7989).

Rainbow Grill–30 Rockefeller Plaze. Picasso tapestries on one wall and mind-bending views of the city from the observatory. Thru 3/27, Vic Damone. At 9:15 & 11:30, except Sunday (PL 7-8970).

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Reflections–40 E 58th. New bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Set, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Anita O'Day, one of the few ladies capable of surmounting this insufferably chi chi room, here thru 3/14, with John Blair. Anite's a swinger who worries less about performing than illuminating her favorite songs. 3/16-28, Novella Nelson (691-0900).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 8:30 to midnight. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short, who probably glows in the dark, is back, bridling at the keyboard and shouting clever

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songs without a modicum of subtlety. **Bernelmans Bar:** Pianist Barbara Carroll plays 9:15 to t nightly except Sun.

Drake, Park at 56th (42t-0900). **Shepheard's:** Thru 3/20, Glen Bailey & Circus, thrice nightly, except Sunday. Dinner and disco dancing.

Hilton, 8th Ave & 53rd (JU 8-7000). **Metamorphosis** —A discotheque with dancing seven nights a week from 8 p.m. **Kismet Lounge**—Singer-guitarist Bob Barry from 8 p.m. **Mirage**—Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave at 61st (TE 8-8000). Dickson Hughes sings and plays Tues-Sat, 8:30-t2:30.

Plaza, 5th Ave at 59th St (PL 9-3000). **Persian Room** Thru 3/13, Abbe Lane. Dancing to the Rene Martei and Barry Levitt trios.

Sherry Netherland-5th Ave at 59th (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Jazz pianist Hank Jones entertains Mon thru Fri in a romantic setting. Earl Rose entertains Sat and Sun.

St. Regis-Sheraton-5th Ave at 55th (PL 3-4500). St. **Regis Room:** singer-pianist Gary Stephans appears Monday thru Friday from 7 p.m. to t a.m.

Waldorf-Astoria-301 Park Ave (355-3000). **Empire Room:** Thru 3/13, Singer-dancer erstwhile screen star Ginger Rogers! 3/16-27, Ike and Tina Turner.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to when and where They're playing.

Ballroom-458 West Bdway, betw Houston & Prince Sts. Thru 3/13, singer Bobbi Baird. Mon thru Sat, 9:30-11. And from 3/t8, Marilyn Sokol sings, Mon thru Sat (473-9387).

Bar None-167 E 33rd. This attractive restaurant is enhanced by its solo piano of Dardanelle, who has the peculiar distinction of having been chosen by Art Tatum as his favorite vibist, and by Lionel Hampton as his favorite pianist, in a 1945 *Esquire* jazz poll. When she chooses to improvise, her clean lines have a politely swinging ingenuousness; however, too frequently she coasts on pop "requests." Request her jazz (684-3223).

Boomer's-340 Bleecker. This West Village hang-out, with its substantial food and clean, homey ambience, joins that select network of clubs that offer first-rate modern music nightly, except Sundays. The only way to know for sure who's appearing on a given night is to call, but the consistency of quality performers has established Boomer's as a major jazz room (243-0245).

Bottom Line-t5 W 4th at Mercer. From 3/tt, Mose Allison and Willie Dixon (228-7880).

Bradley's-70 University Pl. Jimmy Rowles (from 3/8), whose ephemeral ruminations have lately shown a spark of real determination. On Sundays, Barry Harris, the most elegant and perceptive of bop pianists, holds forth (228-6440).

Christy's Skylite Gardens-64 W t1th. Charming restaurant with exposed skylights, fireplace; and nightly from 7 p.m. music by singer-pianist Joe Black, and singer-bassist Bernie Small (673-5720).

Churchill's-Third Ave at 73rd. Duke Jordan, a very special Parker-inspired pianist with his own brooding lyricism and a crystalline touch; battles the exigencies of this singles bar (650-1618).

Cookery-University Pl and 8th St. Dolly Dawn, formerly of the Dawn Patrol, sings again, with Marty Napoleon, piano, and Bucky Calabrese, bass. On Sundays, Dick Hyman gives stature to the eclectic impulse (OR 4-4450).

Court Street-t544 Second (betw 81st & 82nd). Lively discotheque with a live disc jockey; action starts at 10 p.m. after the dinner hour, seven nights a week. Decor is charming, full of Victoriana, and there's a dining porch (535-3394).

Eddie Condon's-144 W 54th. 3/9, Baritone-saxist Pepper Adams. 3/t4, Zoot Sims and Al Cohen play (285-8277).

Grand Finale-210 W 70th. At 9 p.m. and midnight, Tues thru Sun. 3/9-14, Louis St. Louis. 3/t6-4/4, Wayland Flowers (595-4206).

Gregory's-1149 First Ave at 63rd. Wednesdays through Sundays this intimate bar celebrates echoes of Ellingtonia, with the young stride pianist Brooks Kerr, and two Ellington mainstays, Sonny Greer, the dean of all drummers, and saxophonist Russell Procope, whose sound has never been lovelier (371-2220).

Grenadier-883 First Ave. A Victorian inn with continental cuisine. Pianist-singers Richard Shadroui and John Standish entertain throughout dinner and after (753-2960).

Hopper's-Sixth Ave at 11th. 3/8-27, the Billy Taylor Trio (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's-154 W 54th at Seventh. Roy Eldridge, the still fiamboyantly brilliant and biting trumpet philosopher, has returned from his vacation. He has a fine rhythm section, and the later it gets, the more intensely they burn (CO 5-9505).

Jim Smith's Village Corner-Bleecker, at LaGuardia Music from 9:30 to 3 a.m. Pianist Lance Hayward here, except Wednesdays. Sundays singer Jane Valentine entertains. Wednesdays, pianist Jim Roberts (473-9782).

Michael's Pub, 2t1 E. 55th A band of minstrels practiced in the reclamation of classic jazz attempt to breathe life into three seminal figures from the dawn of jazz: Scott Joplin, the King of Ragtime, Jelly Roll Morton, who claims to have invented jazz in 1902, and James P. Johnson, who may well have invented stride piano. The players are Dick Hyman, Pee Wee Erwin, Bob Wilbur, Milt Hinton, and Bobby Rosengarden. On Mondays, Woody Allen, a frustrated Dixieland clarinetist, indulges in wish fulfillment. From 3/16, pianist Jay McShann and his trio. Pianist Hubbell Pierce performs in The Bird Cage (758-2272).

Nickels-227 E 67th. Tues thru Sun, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. singer-pianist Jerry Scott (794-2331).

Nirvana-30 Central Park South. Indian rhythms on sitar by Dr. Shyam Kashyap, nightly 7:30 to 10:30. Bangladesh-Indian cuisine. All this in an exquisitely decorated penthouse (752-0270).

O'Lunney's-915 Second Ave, betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to western and country music. Monday (talent night) thru Sat from 9:30; Sun from 8 is for bluegrass. (751-1434).

Onde's-945 Second Ave. at 50th. Supper club with pianist-singer Bill Russell save Monday, when troubador Dino Palermo fills in. Closed Sundays (752-9631).

Patch's Inn-314 E 70th. Mondays and Tuesdays, 8:30 to 1:2:30, pianist Neil Wolfe and bassist Richard Noah Young. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 8 the Original Traditional Jazz Band holds forth led by drummer Stan Levine. (879-4220).

Recovery Room-417 E 70th. Pub and restaurant with a Dutch chef. Singer-pianist Norma Shepard appears Thurs thru Sat from 8 to t1 (850-1055).

Stryker's-103 W 86th St, nr. Columbus Ave. 3/12, 13, vibraharpist Vera Auer. On Sundays, those two tireless, pyrotechnical bop guitarists, Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, redefine chiaroscuro (874-8754).

Top of the Gate-Bleecker & Thompson. 3/12, 13, the Charlie Mingus Quintet, from 10 on (982-9292).

La Vie En Rose-227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a French Revue at 8 & 11:30 nightly. Closed Sunday (755-1820).

Village Vanguard-178 7th Ave So. From 3/11, the Keith Jarrett Quartet. On 3/15, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band (989-9016).

West End Cafe-2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams on trumpet, drummer Shelton Gary, Eddie Durham (one of the first electric guitarists ever) on trombone, pianist-composer Ram Ramirez; thru 3/10, Harold Ashby Quartet, on Wednesdays. Thursdays & Fridays, Swing to Bop Quintet. Saturdays & Sundays, Two Tenor Boogie, with two master tenormen Bassettes Buddy Tate and Paul Quinichette (866-8750).

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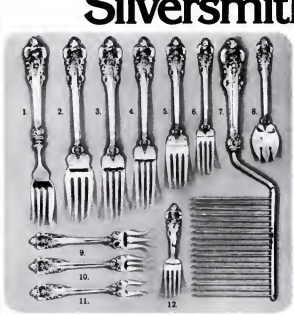

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And 12 Lovely Little Extras:
45 Wedding cake knife 25.75 46. Cake knife 21.35 47. Roast carving knife 38.25 48. Roast carving fork 38.25 49. Sugar tongs 13.55 50. Salad set, black plastic 33.75 51. Bottle opener 10.55 52. Steak carving fork 28.25 53. Steak carving knife 28.25 54 Salad or serving spoon 63.15 55. Tomato or flat server 47.25 56. Salad or serving fork 54.15

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Children

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio. 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30, Sun at 2, thru May.

Creative Theater for Children, National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. (475-3424). *Yes You Can,* 3/13-14 at 1 & 3.

Penny Jones & Company, 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *More Mother Goose Tales & Three Little Pigs,* puppets, Sat at 1:30, Sun at 1:30 & 3, thru March.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows every Sat & Sun 1, 2:15 & 3:30, thru March.

Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, downstairs, Broadway at 78th St. (897-0730). *Who's Next?* a musical, Sat at 2, thru 4/10.

Merricat Castle Nursey, Holy Trinity Church, 318 E 88th St. Mini Carnival 3/12 at 12 & 3:15, Marionette show 3/12 at 1:30.

Moofy Puppet, New Moravian Church, Lex. Ave. at 30th St. (691-8930). Children play act, play instruments, and help design a moofy; Saturdays at 2.

O.O.B. Band Company, 18th St. Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (242-3900). *The Prince and the Pauper,* Fri & Sat at 1 & 3, thru March; special performances 3/11-13 at 7:30.

Peoples Performing Co., Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. (780-9453). *Dirty Feroie Comes Clean,* Sat at 1 & 3, Sun at 11 & 1, thru 3/14.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 1; *Heidi,* Sat at 2:30; *Little Red Riding Hood,* Sun at 1; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Shadow Box Theater, Riverside Church. Riverside Dr. at W 120th St. (865-3058). *Once Upon a Story,* puppets, 3/13 at 2.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Tuesday, March 9

American Symphony Orchestra/Erick Friedman, violin, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Orchestra, Juilliard Theater, at 8:30.

Yehuda Hanani, cello, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Laufman Duo, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Joseph Kalichstein, piano, 92nd St. YM-YWHA, at 8.

Wednesday, March 10

Ruud Van Der Meer, baritone, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Ensemble, Juilliard Theater, at 8:30.

Larry Adler, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Gregg Smith Singers, Hunter College Playhouse, 8.

New York Chamber Soloists, Metropolitan Museum, at 5:30.

Hamao Fujiwara, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Beverly Somach, violin, 92nd St. YM-YWHA, at 8.

Thursday, March 11

The Wolfe Tones, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Juilliard Theater, at 8.

Janos Starker, cello/**Jacob Lateiner,** piano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

League/ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Irma Costanzo, guitar, Hunter College Playhouse, at 8:30.

Friday, March 12

Bob Wilbur, soprano sax, Jazz at Noon, Shepheard's Loews Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.

Salute to Lionel Hampton, Town Hall, at 8.

Carnegie-Mellon University Kittie Band, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Andres Segovia, guitar, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Juilliard String Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Indiana University Chamber Singers, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Boston Flamenco Ballet, Avery Fisher Hall, 10 a.m.

New York Philharmonic, Juilliard Theater, at 8:30.

Concert Socials, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5484). Elaine Comparone, harpsichord Social with coffee follows, at 8:30.

Saturday, March 13

Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2:30.

Tennessee Tech Tuba Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Allman Brothers/Marshall Tucker Band, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100), at 8.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, 8.

Gary Graffman, piano, 92nd St. YM-YWHA, at 8.

Roberto Pereda, Town Hall, at 8:15.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Neil Sedaka, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30 & 11:30.

New York Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, Juilliard Theater, at 8:30.

Shura Cherkassky, piano, Hunter College Assembly Hall, at 8.

Shango Orchestra, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 3.

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Theater in the Park, Flushing Meadow (268-3440), at 8:30.

Sunday, March 14

The Clancy Brothers, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, at 5:30.

Opera Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Leigh Pezet, jazz vespers, Central Church, Park Ave. at 64th St., at 5.

Kermit Moore, cello, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Paul Jeffrey Octet, Tin Palace, 325 Bowery (874-0566), at 10:30.

West Side Madrigalists, Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St., at 5.

Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Carnegie Hall, at 2:30.

Aleksander Slobodyanik, piano, Avery Fisher Hall, 3.

J.R. Mitchell, jazz, The Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St. (475-9111), at 4.

Fontainebleau Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:15.

Eddie Gomez/Ben Wallace/Elliott Zigmund, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 3.

Naoko Tanaka, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Brooklyn Boys Chorus, BAM Playhouse, 2:30.

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (268-3440), at 3.

Monday, March 15

Artur Rubinstein, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra Educational Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 1:30.

Concord String Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

American Brass Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Judith Raskin, soprano/**George Schick,** piano, The Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.

Tuesday, March 16

London Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, Andre Previn conducts, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; works of Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, and Prokofieff, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducts, with Eliot Chapo, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello; works of Brahms, Sessions, and Debussy, at 7:30.

Alan Marks, piano, 92nd St. YM-YWHA, at 8.

Hiroko Yajima, violin, Hunter College Playhouse, at 8.

Salute to the Bicentennial, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Hear America First, Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, 7 W 55th St., at 8.

Bicentennial Chamber Music Series, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 3/9 at 8: **I Puritani:** with Sutherland. Pavarotti, Milnes, Morris. Conductor: Bonynge; director: Segui; designers: Lee and Hall. Wed, 3/10 at 8: **Aida** with Caballé, Horne, Domingo, MacNeil, Hines, Gill. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa and Hall. Thurs, 3/11 at 8: **La Traviata** with Moffo, Alexander, Merrill, Munzer. Conductor: Caldwell; director: Lunt; designer: Beaton. Fri, 3/12 at 8: **Der Rosenkavalier** with Zylis-Gara, Blegen, Troyanos, Pavarotti, Berry, Dooley, Love, Velis. Conductor: Levine; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn. Sat, 3/13 at 2: **I Puritani** (same program as 3/9). Sat, 3/13 at 8: **Carmen** with Horne, Maliponte, Domingo,

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Sarabia. Conductor: Lewis; director: Gentele; designers: Svoboda and Walker. Mon, 3/15 at 8: **La Traviata** (same program as 3/11). Tues, 3/16 at 8: **Carmen** (same program as 3/13).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER
LINCOLN CENTER

Tues, 3/9 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with Niska, Curry, Hegierski, Malamood, Fazah. Conductor: Martelli; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Wed, 3/10 at 8: **Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria** with von Stade, Harris, Curry, Walker, Wildes. Conductor: Bernardi; director: Strasfogel; designers: Schmidt and Greenwood. Thurs, 3/11 at 8: **The Daughter of the Regiment** with Sills, Costa-Greenspon, Colt, Malas. Conductor: Wendelken-Wilson; director: Mansouri; designer: Montresor. Fri, 3/12 at 8: **Carmen** with Conrad, Derr, Wildes, Hegierski, Scano. Conductor: Pallo; director: Capobianco; designer: Varona. Sat, 3/13 at 2: **Un Ballo in Maschera** with Meier, Fowles, Bibb, Mauro. Conductor: Rudel; director: Hicks; designers: Sprott and Varona. Sat, 3/13 at 8: **Salome** with Niska, Bible, Piland, Nagy. Conductor: Rudel; director: Strasfogel; designers: Schmidt and Barcelo. Sun, 3/14 at 1: **H.M.S. Pinafore** with Wildes, Walker, Toro, Glaza. Conductor: Miner; director: Eddleman; designer: Campbell. Sun, 3/14 at 7: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Jones, Fowles, Marsee, Walker. Conductor: Effron; director: Hicks; designer: Wittstein.

OTHER

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (669-6366). *The King's Henchman*, 3/13 at 7:30, 3/14 at 3.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Patience*, 3/10-12 at 8:30; 3/13 at 4 & 8:30; 3/14 at 4.
New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players, New York School of the Opera, 270 W 89th St. (724-9159). *The Pirates of Penzance*, 3/14 at 3.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Amato Opera Theater, 319 Bowery at 2nd St (228-8200).
Bel Canto Opera, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, 30 E 31st (889-6366).
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayetta Ave, Brooklyn (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall and Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd and Hillel Place (859-1180).
Carnl Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).
Hunter College, Playhouse, 68th bet. Park & Lexington; Assembly Hall, 69th bet. Park & Lexington (535-5350).
Light Opera of Manhattan, Gilbert & Sullivan, Eastside Playhouse, 334 E 74th (861-2288).
Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera, (595-8700). New York State Theater, (877-4727). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Metropolitan Museum of Art (including Rogers Aud.), Fifth Ave at 82nd St (879-5500).
92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd St (427-6000).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd., Flushing. (793-8080).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Dance

JOFFREY BALLET
CITY CENTER

Wed, 3/10 at 7:30: *Drums, Dreams, and Banjos, Ballet I, Kettentanz.* Thurs, 3/11 at 8: *Ballet II, Pas des Deesses, The Green Table.* Fri, 3/12 at 8: *Ballet I, Vivaldi Offenbach in the Underworld.* Sat, 3/13 at 2: *Drums, Drums, and Banjos, The*

Moor's Pavane, Jeu de Cartes. Sat, 3/13 at 8: *Pas des Deesses, Ballet I, Offenbach in the Underworld.* Sun, 3/14 at 2: *Viva Vivaldi! Ballet I, Pas des Deesses, Jeu de Cartes.* Sun, 3/14 at 7:30: *Ballet II, The Moor's Pavane, Kettentanz.* Tues, 3/16 at 8: *Remembrances, The Big City, Jeu de Cartes.*

DANCE THEATER OF HARLEM
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Tues, 3/9 at 8: *Concerto Barocco, Caravansarai, Agon, Dougla.* Wed, 3/10 at 8: *Concerto Barocco, Caravansarai, Agon, Dougla.* Thurs, 3/11 at 8: *Design for Strings, The Beloved, Every Now & Then, Afternoon of a Faun, Rhythmetron.* Fri, 3/12 at 8: same program as 3/11. Sat, 3/13 at 2: same program as 3/10. Sat, 3/13 at 8: same program as 3/11. Sun, 3/14 at 2: same program as 3/11. Sun, 3/14 at 7:30: same program as 3/10. Tues, 3/18 at 8: *Allegro Brillante, Bugaku, Don Quixote Pas de Deux, Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux, Forces of Rhythm.*

OTHER

American Theater Laboratory, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077). Art Berger & Doris Ginsberg 3/11-14 at 8.
Dance Umbrella, Roundabout Stage One, 333 W 23rd St. (924-7160). Dan Wagoner & Dancers 3/9-10, 13 at 8, 3/14 at 2; 5 by 2 Dance Company 3/11-12, 14 at 8

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes first one-man show in New York.
— Holly Pinto

SOLOS

57th STREET

Natalia Aiper–Abstract drawings, thru 3/20. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).
Power Boothe–Dry and wet pigment paintings dealing with color and light, thru 3/25. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).
Dan Christensen–New paintings, 3/13-4/1. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).
Ken Greenleaf–Carved marble sheets supported by welded steel structures, thru 3/25. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
Alex Katz–Recent works, thru 3/28. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).
Lee Levins–Politically oriented works, thru 3/31. D'Arc, 15 E 57th (752-3440).
Hubert Long–Weathered wood totems and constructions, thru 3/20. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).
Paul Mogensen–Spiral and monochromatic rectangular abstractions, thru 3/31. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).
Grandma Moses–(1860-1961) Primitive paintings, thru 3/20. Hammer, 51 E 57th (PI8-0409).
Jane and Mark Peiser–Sculptures, thru 4/1. The Portnoy Gallery, 56 W 57th (757-0461).
Kenzo Okada–Muted abstractions, thru 3/27. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).
Cesar Paternosto–Soft-edged earthen-toned abstractions, thru 3/20. René, 8 W 57th (765-1330).
George Sugarman–Recent drawings and sculpture, thru 3/27. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Pierre Alechinsky–Aquarelles and large brush drawings dealing with the color of time, thru 4/10. Lefebre, 44 E 77th (744-3384).
William Anzalone–Recent work/English watercolors, thru 3/20. Davis, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).
Rudolf Baranik–Paintings, thru 3/20. Lerner-Heller, 789 Mad Ave (861-9010).
Willard Boepple–New welded steel sculpture, 3/13-4/7. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (RE4-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.
Ilya Bolotowsky–Hardge-edged abstractions and columns, thru 3/25. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).
Gretna Campbell–Summer tidal coves in Maine and winter woods in New Jersey, thru 3/27. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

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Barker Fairley–Recent landscapes and portraits, thru 3/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).
***Craig Gibbs**–A science fiction environment with large pods and aluminum castings, thru 3/19. Lubin House, 11 E 81st (826-0320).
John Griefen–Recent color abstractions, thru 3/31. Deitcher, 35 E 67th (879-3560).
Alan Gussow–Nature abstractions, thru 4/3. Washburn, 820 Mad at 68th (RH4-8560).
Philip Guston–Paintings 1975, thru 4/10. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).
Craig Kauffman–Wood and canvas painted in acrylic, thru 3/31. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (535-3940).
***Komar and Melamid**–Mixed-media works done together by these Moscow artists, thru 3/20. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
Carla Lavatelli–Carved marble and granite sculpture of an ellipse, a notched circle, others, 3/16-4/17. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).
Fernand Leger(1881-1955)–17 major oil paintings spanning his career, thru 4/10. Perls, 1016 Mad Ave (472-3200).
Jean-Francois Millet(1814-1875)–Selected paintings and drawings by this famous artist of peasant scenes, thru 3/13. Wildenstein, 19 E 64th (TRe-0500). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
Armando Morales–Large volumetric female torsos and magnified images of fruit, 3/10-4/17. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).
Roger Mühl/Edward Whiteman–Black and white watercolors/Mythic primitivist abstractions, thru 3/27. Findlay, 984 Mad Ave (249-2909).
Donald Perlis–Realist paintings/19th and early 20th century American Art, thru 3/27. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).
Auguste Perret(1874-1954)–The architectural works of this pioneer of reinforced concrete structures, thru 4/17. FIAF, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri, Sat 11-5.
Lil Picard–Dematerialized xerox copies and photos of principle Watergate figures./Napkin portraits of NY's art and literary world, 3/13-4/3. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050) and Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).
Michael Price–The female figure in life-size cast bronze sculpture, thru 3/27. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).
Helen Quat–Organic forms in paint, etchings and silverpoint drawings, thru 4/3. Alonzo, 28 E 63rd (688-2036).
Selly Winston Robinson–Photo-chemical works on paper, thru 4/3. Rina, 29 E 74th (BUtr-7044).
Philip Sherrod–Recent paintings, thru 3/27. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).
David Trowbridge–Drawings, thru 3/31 Knoedler, 21 E 70th (628-0400).
Ulfred Wilke–Watercolors, drawings, and graphics, thru 3/19. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (734-7302). Thurs-Sat 1-5.
William T. Williams–New paintings on paper, thru 4/3. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).
Jerome Witkin–Figurative paintings, thru 3/27. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (LE5-9888).

SoHo

Stephen Antonakos/Stephen Rosenthal–Packages/India ink wash on unstretched canvas, thru 3/24. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).
Charlotte Brown/Orlando Condeso/Angela Jansen–Xprography/Color etchings/Photos, thru 4/3. Terrain, 141 Greene (777-4490). Tues-Sat 1-6.
Stephen Bundy/E. Michael Burrows/John Fudge–Performing sculpture/Photorealism/Surrealistic paintings, thru 3/20. Walker St, 48 Walker (226-1271). Tues-Sat 1-5.
Sari Dienes–Recent portraits, thru 4/24. Buecker & Harpsichords, 458 W Bdwy (260-3480). Wed-Sat 12-6.
Daria Dorosh–Painted plaster reliefs and watercolors, thru 3/24. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).
Jeri Drucker/Ada Kera Friedman/J. William Hunt/Janet Tierney–People in paint/Landscape abstractions/Painterly realism/Poppy ceramic sculpture, 3/13-4/1. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).
Susan Eder/Matt Mullican–Photographic works/Drawings and works on paper, thru 3/27. Artists Space, 155 Wooster (874-2950).
Peter Flinsch–Drawings of men, thru 3/27. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).
George Green/Kelinka Mann/James Sutter–Abstract illusionism/Shaped paintings/Sculpture and drawings, thru 3/28. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

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Tom Heisall/Jonathan Price–Paintings/Conceptual works, 3/13-4/1. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Conley Harris/Werren Rohrer–Landscapes of the American Southwest/Climatic abstractions, thru 3/23. Lamagna, 380 W Bdwy (431-4910).

Pud Houstoun–Abstractions, thru 3/18. Second Story, 167 Spring (925-5110).

***On Kewes**–Date paintings, thru 3/30. Sperone Wastwater Fischar, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Bernerd Kirschenbaum–Geometric steel and aluminum sculpture, thru 4/9. SculpturaNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Robert Kushner–Paintings on fabric also used as Persian draped costumes, thru 3/24. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Arnold Levine–Portraits, landscapes and still-lifes, thru 3/24. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Byoung Ok Min/James Zver–Abstractions/Large scale collages, 3/11-4/3. Soho Center, 110 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 1-5, Sat 11-5.

Stephen Mueller–Abstract forms on large color fields, thru 3/31. Duffy, 157 Spring (677-5892).

Peter Passuntino–Reinterpretations of modern people and objects, 3/13-4/17. Knowlton, 153 Prince (677-8698). Tues-Fri 12-5:30, Sat 12-6.

Sandy Relis–Assemblages of Biblical themes, 3/13-4/1. Second Story, 187 Spring (925-5110).

Kate Resek/Lucy Sallick–Crushed chalk, pastel and acrylic abstracions/Still-lifes on the floor of the studio, thru 3/24. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-8.

Susanna Shatkin–Realist city views, thru 3/24. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Oleg Sohenslevich–Stress sculptura, thru 3/24. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Derek Southall–Acrylic on unstretched canvas, thru 3/31. Emmerich, 420 W Bdwy (431-4550).

Robert Swain–Abstractions, thru 3/31. Caldwall, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

Julius Tobias–Monumental, linear sculptura, thru 3/30. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

Albert Turick/Jim Youngerman–Barren landscapes with sexual overtones/Enigmatic colored pencil and ink drawings, thru 3/24. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

Agnese Udinotti–Walded steel sculpture of isolated mankind/Works by Allen, Bowan and Escher, thru 3/31. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939).

OTHER

Les Adler–20 paintings, 3/11-4/8. LIU(library) Flatbush Ave Ext and DeKalb Ave, Blyn (834-6090). Mon-Fri 9-5.

John Taylor Arms(1887-1953)–Etchings inspired by Gothic Architecture, thru 3/20. Associated American Artists, 683 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Emil Ganso(1897-1941)–Prints, drawings and watercolors, thru 4/3. Wehye, 794 Lex Ave (TE8-5478).

Hugh Kepets–Precisionist screenprints of NY fire escapes, thru 3/20. Einstein, 243 E 82nd (828-8782).

Edgar Negret–Columbian sculptura, thru 4/11. Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ava (249-8950).

Don Nelson–Grisaille brushstrokes superimposed on photographic images, thru 3/27. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Frumkin–50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30. New ceramic sculpture by four Californians, thru 3/19.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Botero, Frankenthaler, Moore, others, thru 3/27.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600) 19th and 20th century scenes of Canada, Alaska, Siberia, others/Social raalism in prints of tha 30s/Paintings of 19th century American children, thru 4/2.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Animal imagery in African masks, headpieces, others, 3/15-4/30.

Babcock–805 Mad at 68th (535-9355). Landscapes by Hartley, Inness, Maurer, others, thru 3/31.

Deutsch–43 E 60th (861-4429). Steiglitz artists, thru 3/31.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Contemporary aubusson tapestries, thru 3/19.

Hirschl & Adler–21 E 67th (LE5-8810). American Impressionism including Hassam, Prendergast, Tyson, others, thru 3/27.

Kerr–49 E 82nd (828-1340). Mon-Sat 9-5. American Impressionists including Cassatt, Hassam, Sargent, others, thru 4/3.

Sabarsky–987 Med Ave (828-6281). German Expressionists including Feininger, Grosz, Klee, Schlemmer, others, thru 3/20.

Solomon–959 Mad Ave (737-8200) Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30. Paintings and sculpture by Arp, Dubuffet, Stella and Kandinsky graphics, thru 3/31.

Wiener–831 Mad Ave (249-8750). Indian miniature paintings and brush drawings from the 18th to the 19th century, thru 3/20.

SoHo

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Cottingham, photos by Hasiangar, sculpture by Schwartz and projections by Victoria, thru 3/20.

Women in the Arts–435 Broome (966-5694). Tues-Fri 2-5, Sat 12-5:30. Works by Baum, Dorfman, Edelman and Samburg, thru 3/27.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Plaza (661-0800). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. Art in African living including objects and ornaments from East and Southern Africa, thru 5/15.

Grey–NYU, 100 Washington Sq E (598-2451). Mon-Thura 11-6, Sat 12-4. American Realism seen in the works of Burchfiald, Hopper, Nadelman, Shahn, Weber, others, thru 3/18.

PosterAmerica–174 9th Ave (691-1815). Movie posters from tha 20s to the present, thru 4/17.

Union Carbide Bldg.–270 Park Ave. Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30. A collection of 38 original watercolors & acrylics from *Ford Times* magazine, depicting scenes from the American Revolution; thru 3/12.

Photography

Fredrich Cantor–A series on Rome, gum prints and manipulated prints, thru 3/30. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ava (TR9-4639).

Bobbi Carrey/Jim Cornfield/George Obremski–Cyanotypes or blue prints/Zany Mardi Gras people/Introspective views of Italy and its people, thru 3/21. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Fred Fehi–Theatre, dance, opera and celebrated musicians of the past 25 years, thru 5/29. Library of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center 111 Amsterdam Ava (799-2200).

Robert Fink–The object in space, thru 4/2. Light, 1016 Mad Ave (861-1648).

Walter Hetzer–Trees, mountains, graves and people, thru 3/31. 4th St, 67 E 4th (873-1021).

Patricia Lubert–Macro photos of natural forms, thru 3/31. Bleecker People, 338 Bleecker (924-5182).

M[illegible]chard Margolis–Conceptual photos, thru 3/20. Foto, 492 Broome (226-8650). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Soho/Steiglitz–84 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Coney Island by Comerford, Rumanians and other faces by Rich, echoes by Rosenberg, others plus snapshots of China by Marforie Neikrug, thru 3/30.

Alfred Stieglitz–50 photogravures from 1899-1911 by this founder of the avant garde quarterly "Camera Work", thru 3/20. Helios, 26 E 78th (988-5593).

Third Eye–17 7th Ave S (691-5897). Tues-Fri 6-9, Sat-Sun 1-8. NYC as a photographic medium with works by Freedman, Gordon, Niccolini, others, thru 3/19.

Witkin–41 E 57th (355-1461). Issues of Alfred Stieglitz' *Camera Work* from 1903-1917, the legendary photogrephic quarterly, thru 3/20.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (673-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *This Exhibit in Preparation*: A behind the scenes look at exhibition-making. There are demonstrations by the artisans of the Exhibition Dept as they go about the business of producing dinosaurs, painting backdrops, and designing models; thru 4/30. *It Only Takes One*: This exhibit explains the subject of parthenogenesis in lizards and other animals; thru 3/25.

American Museum-Heyden Planeterium–CPW at 81st (873-8828). *Laserium*: A cosmic concert under

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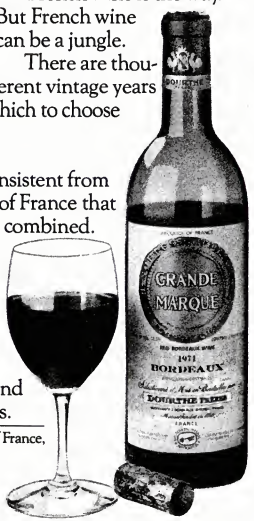

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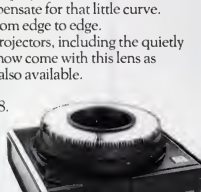

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the stars, combining a laser beam and recorded music. Fri, Sat and Sun at 7:30, 9, & 10:30. *Final Frontier:* Sky show which takes the viewer on a futuristic voyage into the farthest limits of the known universe; thru 4/5.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5; free admission Tues 5-8. Closed Mondays, except Holidays. *Aristide Maillol (1861-1944):* A retrospective exhibition of works by this pioneer of new concepts in 20th-century sculpture; thru 3/21. *Twentieth-Century American Drawing: Three Avant-Garde Generations:* Spans works shaped by European modernism in the beginning of the century through Abstract Expressionism and Pop Art to current trends in abstract and representational art; thru 3/21.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1777). Daily, except Monday, 11-5. *Collaborations:* An exhibition featuring highlights from the collaboration of photographer Ken Heyman and anthropologist Margaret Mead. *Lower West Side, U.S.A.:* Milton Rogovin's photographs focus on a multiracial six block area of Buffalo. *Montgomery to Memphis:* The story of Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Civil Rights Movement. All shows thru 4/4.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45; Closed Mon. *Ancient Art: The Norbert Schimmel Collection:* thru 8/1. *American Woman of Style:* An exhibition of the clothes and portraits of a series of extraordinary American women of the past 75 years, each of whom possessed an unusual personal sense of style; thru 8/31. *A Bicentennial Treasury:* Some 120 examples of American art from the 17th thru the early 20th century; thru 12/31. The World of Franklin and Jefferson: An exhibition of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs depicting 130 years of American history (1700-1830); thru 5/2.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Illustrator and the Book in England, 1790-1914:* thru 5/2. *The Journal de L'Exil of Adèle Hugo,* thru 3/30. *The Bicentennial of the Wealth of Nations, Adam Smith, 1723-1790,* thru 3/30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *American Cat-alog:* An exhibition on cats in American folk art; thru 3/26.

Museum of the City of New York–Fifth Ave at 103rd (534-1872). Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. *Revolution:* A multi-media presentation that highlights New York City's role in our country's fight for independence; thru 12/76. *H2O + Heat =* Live Steam Toys: An exhibition of 200 rare and beautiful toys, all with the common denominator of being powered by steam; thru 3/31. *A Salute to the Shuberts:* An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia in observance of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Shubert Organization; thru 10/31.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-8, Sun 1-6. *The American Indian and the American Flag:* American Indian artifacts have been embellished with design elements inspired by the American flag and other patriotic symbols for the last 100 years. A collection of more than 180 historical and contemporary objects emphasizing this cultural phenomenon is now on display; thru 3/21.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. Closed Wed. *Cubism and its Affinities,* thru 5/9. *Projects: Michael Snow: Photographs;* thru 4/25. *Constructivism in Poland 1923-1936:* An exhibition of about 60 paintings and drawings and a dozen sculptures; thru 3/25.

New-York Historical Society–170 CPW at 77th (873-3400). Sun, Tue-Fri 1-5, Sat 10-5. *The New York Cabinetmaker and his Use of Space:* A bicentennial exhibition with a look at approximately 55 pieces of furniture in various styles; thru 5/30. *Words and Music: Sheet Music of Not So Long Ago:* Romantic World War I ballads, songs of the roaring 20s, and popular tunes of the 30s, thru 4/30.

New York Public Library, Central Building, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. M-W-F-S 10-6, Tues 10-9. *Independence: A Literary Panorama, 1770-1850:* Manuscripts and rare printed editions from the first century of American literature; thru 9/17.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun and holidays 12-6. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3. *Early Modernists:* Selections from the permanent collection. **Whitney Museum Art Resources Canter,** 185 Cherry St (964-4560).

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The Spirited New Breed of Drink.

Illegal Immigrants in New York: The Invisible Subculture

By Orde Coombs

"...The illegal alien learns that to lie is to survive, that laws are made to be broken, that deviousness is the passport to success..."

One Saturday in January, Theophilus Springer comes out of Mara's West Indies Market at 718 Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn, and as the cold wind whips down the avenue he tightens his knees and says, "Man, my balls are freezing." In his plastic shopping bag he carries a bottle of Angostura Bitters for the rum punch he will make later that evening; a bottle of Matouk's Mango Chutney and two bottles of Matouk's Hot Chow. He has come twenty blocks out of his way to this section of Bedford-Stuyvesant to get these made-in-Trinidad products, for in the three years he has lived in this country he has been unable to bring himself to try American-made relishes and hot sauce. In fact, he brushes away suggestions that he try the American variety with haughty disdain: "What is hot for them is nothing for me." His proudest purchase today is a five-pound tin of Klim powdered milk that will be used to feed his six-month-old son, Theo Jr., the joy of his heart, the only son in a line of six illegitimate daughters, and his first "true-to-God Yankee pickney."

To the untutored eye, the man I call Theo Springer is a man at home in his environment. He is stocky, very black, about five feet eleven inches tall, and has a body that knows no fat. He walks on the balls of his feet and is pleased when anyone tells him that he moves like a boxer. His eyes—black, squinting marbles—are incongruous with his smile, which comes readily and reveals missing molars and a flash of gold. He is 37, but looks much younger, and it is as if all the hard work he has done has smoothed out the facial crevices that come with age.

As he walks along Nostrand Avenue toward Fulton Street, he runs into two friends he hasn't seen in three years who have just arrived in this country. They are coming out of Owen's West Indian and American Bakery at 575 Nostrand Avenue and they are eating bread pudding. Theo, happy to see them, does a little jig on the sidewalk and then begins to josh them in order to bring them quickly into his circle of affection. "But, boy," he tells the fatter of his friends, "you only here three months, and you fat, fat already. Is American food blow you up so?" And then without waiting for a reply,

Illustrated by Harvey Dinnerstein

"...Cleo saved her money and gave an American $500 to marry her and legalize her status. But she could not forget 'sweet' Theo..."

he looks at his other friend and says, "But you're Super Fly. Eh. Eh. Take care them high-heeled shoes you wearing don't make you land flat on your ass in this Brooklyn snow." And as they stand on the corner of Pacific Street on a cold Saturday in January, their laughter echoes up the windy street. Only a few people look at this trio of black men wearing the uncoordinated colors of the poor and stamping their feet to stay warm. But those who do, listen to their boisterousness and understand their need to pretend that they are at home in Brooklyn's streets. For their hilarity is out of proportion to the substance of their jokes, and in their needling is a benevolence that is always tinged with fear. They are illegal aliens and part of an enormous subculture in New York. They may walk through the streets with their heads held high, but a numbing ache follows them everywhere, for on some nondescript morning they may be picked up and deported from this country. And if that happens, their dreams of the future will end.

There is not much chance of this happening, however, for according to Maurice Kiley, district director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, there are 1.5 million illegal aliens in the fourteen metropolitan counties he supervises, and only 1,000 are deported each year. Moreover, there are only 200 agents working on investigations at any one time, and only 80 of those are in the field checking on the more than 20,000 complaints of illegality that pile up on the desks of the ugly marble-and-glass building that houses the Immigration Service at 20 West Broadway. But the aliens do not know this, and so they see the Damoclean sword of deportation forever tilting toward them, and this sends them further into the bowels of the immigrant community. For there, caution is the watchword and protection is possible since every family has a member who is in this country illegally.

After I had known Theo Springer for some time, I called him to find out how he was facing the daily pressures of being an illegal alien. A woman answered. "Who is calling?" she wanted to know. I told her. "I think you have the wrong number," she said. "Nobody by that name lives here." I was sure that I had dialed correctly, and later that evening I called again. Springer answered, and I told him what had happened. "Oh," he said. "That was my tantie, and she don't know you. You know how it is. You have to be careful."

And so care becomes the barometer of success, and lying a way of life. About a week after that, I went to Springer's house and a young girl of about seven opened the door. "Is Mr. Springer here?" I asked. "No Mr. Springer live here," she said, trying to close the door in my face. From the back, I heard Theo's voice: "Clarice, who's there?" "Uncle Theo, is a man out here," she said, and I looked up to see Springer coming out of the bedroom in his underwear.

Why does someone like Springer decide to leave home and face the daily possibility of arrest in New York? Well, in his hands he holds Hobson's choice. He can stay home and starve. He decided to take his chances in New York. He was born in Grenada—"the spice island of the Caribbean," and the southernmost of the Windward Islands—which in 1974 with a population of 110,000 declared its independence and took its seat in the United Nations. The island's most famous white-sand beach, Grand Anse, stretches for miles and rims some of the bluest warm water in the world. The capital, St. George's, is built on several hills and at 5:30 in the morning when the sun starts to rise and touches the red roofs and whitewashed walls along the bay, no Riviera town is quite as beautiful. But the Springer family never spent much time on the island's beaches, and when they rose at daybreak it was not to gaze at the sunrise but to drink hot sugared water or bush tea and to begin another day of deadening labor. For they were proletarians in paradise—poor, ambitious, scheming —and with their growing belief that the meek will never inherit the earth, their class has begun to give all the governments of the Caribbean moments of increasing anxiety.

Springer's mother used to "traffic," that is, she would take vegetables in a small, unsafe schooner to Trinidad, where she would sell them to middlemen, and buy flour, rice, sugar, and cheap cotton prints to sell at an enormous markup in the wooden market stall that she owned. Her husband, a carpenter, lived by the grace of the island's Public Works Department. When the party he supported was in power, he could find work. When it became the opposition, he starved. He managed, however, over ten years to build a two-bedroom house, and his wife soon began to think that she should give up "trafficking" since she was now the mistress of a pea-green house with an inside privy. She looked around for something to do, and she soon found a vacationing American couple from Baltimore who would pay her way to America in exchange for her housekeeping chores. She did not hesitate. Her husband understood. What if he didn't see her for years? The Yankee dollars she would send home would more than compensate for her absence. She came into this country on a visitor's visa and as a guest of her friends from Baltimore. She stayed with them three months until she got to know her way around Washington, and then she disappeared. She did not like being at the mercy of people who knew that she wasn't "straight"—that is, here legally—who forced her to work all week without a day off, who held the threat of deportation as a weapon against her moodiness, and who paid her $15 less per week than the going rate for live-in domestics. As she harangued a visitor years later about her benefactors, she said: "He was supposed to be a lawyer, but he didn't know that slavery days was over. I pack my things one night and I walk out of there, and I ain't even look back to fart on them."

Her husband in Grenada had not been idle. An old friend who was now an American citizen had come to the island on vacation the year his wife left. Old man Springer had asked his boyhood friend to invite him to America. When the letter of invitation arrived, he went to the American Embassy in Barbados, got a visitor's visa, and flew to Kennedy Airport, where his wife met him and took him to Washington. He has yet to see the friend who invited him, and now after five years in this country, he has begun to talk about "the damn welfare cheaters," and "the dumb man who is bringing this country to ruination." He is, of course, here illegally, and so he cannot do anything about his new political consciousness. He cannot, in fact, even send for his two other children who have minor civil-service jobs on the island. But he sells gas for Exxon and his wife works in one of the restaurants in the Hot Shoppes chain. He is secure enough now to speak his mind. They live in the barest of rooms in Northeast Washington, and every week half of their combined take-home salary of $240 is sent to Barclays Bank in St. George's, Grenada. During the month of November, however, they do not save anything. Instead, they send barrels of foodstuff and clothing home to relatives who regard them as being among the

"No Mr. Springer
live here."

"...Joyce is happy tonight because she thinks that with all the partying, Theo will get drunk and spend the weekend with her..."

world's most fortunate people. For they are in America, and their bourgeois dreams can come true if they can stay ahead of the law.

Theo Springer looked upon his parents' departure for America with some pleasure. He was a "saga boy," the local equivalent of a playboy, and his parents could now be expected to send him some pretty Yankee clothes. He had left school in the eighth grade and had quickly become an apprentice carpenter, a taxi driver, and a stevedore. He hated all three jobs, but what he did like was wenching, and in one year he had three women on the island pregnant by him. By the time he left his wooden shack in St. George's for the decaying brownstones of Bedford-Stuyvesant, he had sired six daughters, and only two with the same woman. "I love me some women," he says in the Brooklyn cold. "I don't know why, but people always bad-talk me because women love me. The women say I sweet, sweet like sugar. Is not my fault I sweet." It was his "sweetness," though, that got him to America.

One of his abandoned mistresses, Cleo, had followed the route his mother took. She had come here as a domestic and then abandoned a Great Neck family to work as a nurse's aide at Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan. She saved her money and then gave a black American $500 to marry her and legalize her status in this country. He agreed and then fell in love with her. She decided to stay with him although she didn't love him because for the first time in her life she felt secure. She tried to be a good wife, but she could not forget "sweet" Theo Springer. In 1971, she began to write to him again, and early in 1972, she sent him the following "letter of invitation."

Dear Theo:

As you know, my husband and I have our own apartment in Brooklyn and we are doing very well. I work for the city, and John who as you know was born in Alabama, also works for the city. He is a guard. We are having our vacation in the summer and we would like for you to come and visit with us for one month. I know you get your vacation then, and as you always wanted to see America, we know you will enjoy your short stay. We will show you the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty, and we will go to Washington to look at the White House (John has a new car). After the month, I know that you will be tired and happy to return to your family and your well-paying job. I have enclosed a copy of our financial statement and you can see that we have over $1,500 in the Bowery Savings Bank. We will be responsible for you, and we will see to it that you return safely to Grenada and not become a burden on anyone here in America.

Mr. & Mrs. John Broadnax

Husband John, of course, never saw this letter, and Cleo did not write it. She got someone versed in this kind of clandestine but legitimate funneling

of illegal aliens to write it. A successful letter of invitation is one that will pass muster with embassy personnel who must approve the visa. The invited should be asked to come for a specific duration. It should be stressed that the invited has a job and family to which he will be only too happy to return. The American residents must note that they are gainfully employed and have had a savings account for more than one year. They must also assume responsibility for the visiting party and must spell out their determination to see to it that the invited returns to his homeland. No one, of course, has the slightest intention of following anything the letter states.

When Springer got his letter, he applied for a visa from the American Embassy in Barbados, and within four weeks he was called for an interview. He spoke about his intention to return to Grenada, about his family, and the brilliant prospects he had on his job. He hated the thought of winter, he said, and he would be only too happy to get back to Grenada before it turned cold in America. He got his visa the same day, and in June, 1972, he saw the lights of Manhattan for the first time as BWIA flight 424 came into Kennedy International Airport at 10:15 P.M. on a sticky summer night. He had $25 in his pocket.

Some cousins met him at the airport and took him to Brooklyn. Cleo, of course, could not be there, but she spent the next day with him in a cousin's bedroom on Decatur Street. After four days of visiting old friends, walking along Nostrand Avenue, and getting to know the subway system, Theo went to the Social Security office at 114 Pennsylvania Avenue in Brook-

"... Something about Theo's sexual arrangements is redeemingly pragmatic: 'Nobody is going to use me and not help me out'..."

lyn to apply for a Social Security card —the only passport he needed for employment in America. The black woman at the desk could not understand his accent, and in the honored tradition of functionaries *face à face* with the weak, she bawled him out, told him to bring his passport so that she could see if he was in this country legally, and muttered about the ignorance of these foreigners.

Theo told the story to a cousin who was about 28, was dating a black American, and had twenty years of street living behind him. He took Theo's name and birth date with him to the Social Security office at 1657 Broadway in Manhattan. When it was his turn to be interviewed, he was asked why he didn't have a Social Security card. He raised his voice and told the old white woman who was interviewing him that since he had spent the last ten years in her damn prisons, now he didn't feel like answering her damn honky questions. All he wanted, he said, was his Social Security card so that he could get the job his probation office had set up for him—otherwise he would have to go out and mug some more people. The woman said that she understood. She promised to rush the card. By the time it arrived, four weeks later, Theo was working. A friend who was a nurse —another recipient of his "sweetness" —had found him a job as an orderly in the nursing home where she worked. She had supplied what he needed: the number of the Social Security card that belonged to a male patient who had died the week before. When his real card arrived, he quit this job, and with the help of another illegal alien, found one nearly two hours out of New York with a large manufacturing company. He has kept this job for three years.

I spent a recent Saturday with Theo Springer in his one-bedroom apartment on Union Street in Brooklyn. There can be little doubt that he has prospered in this country, for his home has begun to overflow with appliances, all in various states of disrepair. His new lover, Joyce, is rotund, pretty, 31, the mother of two other children by different men, and her easy laughter has begun to give way to deep moodiness. Her older children, ages ten and eleven, live with her mother in Arima, Trinidad, and every fortnight she sends money for their support. Neither of the children's fathers supports his child, and now Theo Springer and Joyce have had a son. Lines have begun to erode her face during the two years she has lived with Springer, and sometimes I catch her looking vacant and sinking into melancholia. For domestic life with her paramour is a continuing reminder of his unconcern, and Joyce has not grown accustomed to his male West Indian tyranny. He thinks that because he works hard and makes sure that there is food in the house, he should be free to "spread joy" among the three other women he sees in the Bronx and Queens. In a year, Springer has spent only one weekend at his apartment on Union Street. He thinks that Joyce is being unreasonable since she sees him every day during the week. And what would happen if Joyce were to "take a man" during the weekends that he is spreading his seed in the Bronx? "I would leave the bitch," says Springer. "Ain't no man going to swim in my water and then laugh at me."

But there is more than just passing lechery in Theo Springer's weekend exploits. From each of the three women who lives outside his home, he exacts monetary compensation for his favors. The one who entertains him on Saturday or Sunday night knows that when he leaves she must hand him "a little something" for his children in Grenada, or for a new sports coat, or for his obsession with the horses at Aqueduct. This past December, for example, he received money from each one for a new winter coat, and when he goes on his trysts, he pointedly asks each mistress how she likes "her" coat. All these women are West Indians who came to this country illegally and are in various stages of legalizing their situation. They work hard, since they are, without doubt, supporting several members of their families at home. They have little time to find lovers, and besides, there are more West Indian females here than males, since the former find it easier to come as domestics or nurses. The money they give to Theo Springer on his weekend furloughs in their bedrooms is money they feel is well spent, for his sexual prowess allows them to get through another week of work and loneliness.

There is also something redeemingly pragmatic about Springer's *modus operandi*, since in an interesting twist of sensibility, he sees himself as the potentially abused partner in these arrangements. "Nobody is going to use me," he says, "and not help me out." And on closer examination, one finds out that he needs all the help he can get. Every cent he works for is carefully budgeted, and in his three-year sojourn in America, he has built in Grenada, on land owned by his family, a three-bedroom house whose interior and exterior need finishing, but which provides shelter for his island mistress (the only woman he really loves) and their two children.

He is a man with a mission, and that mission is to accumulate as much money as he can before the American authorities find him. And so he works ferociously. He has missed one day of work in three years, and that was because he got into an accident en route to Spring Valley, where he packs crates for eight hours a day in a large manufacturing firm. He is usually picked up by another illegal alien at about 12:30 in the afternoon so that they can begin work at 3 P.M. Because he is a very good worker, he has not been laid off, but the factory has eliminated one shift, and so Springer now finds himself working up to twelve hours per day. He welcomes the overtime, but the wear and tear has begun to tell on his body, and occasionally he rubs his aching muscles and says, "Jesus Christ, this America is nothing but hard work." He makes $5.65 per hour, and since he claims eight deductions on his paycheck, he brings home about $190 per week without overtime. His section on the job—the hardest and the dirtiest—presently employs only West Indians and Haitians. There are no American blacks, whites, or Puerto Ricans working with him, although his supervisor, a benign drunk, is white and tries to maintain pleasant relations with the group. Almost all of his colleagues are here illegally, and some of the Haitians speak only Creole. Yet no one has ever questioned them about their status here, since they all have valid Social Security cards.

Springer pays half of everything in the apartment he shares with Joyce: the rent ($180 per month for the apartment, leased in Joyce's name), the food bill, the telephone bill, and the baby-sitter's fee. He alone pays the light bill, but not out of magnanimity. He needs a utility bill with his name on it in order to establish a legal residence and ease his passage should he have to apply for a bank loan. By the time he has paid for his transportation and living expenses, Springer has about $95 per week in his hand. He has opened up a savings account at the Dime Savings Bank on Fulton Street, and occasionally he puts in the

odd $5, just in case he gets "straight" and needs to write one of those "letters of invitation." But he does not trust himself with his own money. He knows his tendency to impulse buying, and so he does what generations of West Indians have done. He puts $80 per week in two *sou-sous,* a simple form of communal banking. Now it becomes clear why he needs his women, why his "saga boy" clothes, his days at the races, and his spending money must come from his mistresses, for with his penchant for saving, he has only $15 per week to buy cigarettes, coffee, chewing gum, and clothes.

The term *sou-sou* comes from the French word *sou,* and the plan is an effective banking system which has been in operation in the West Indies since the days immediately after slavery when the ex-slaves put their sous together to buy land or make large purchases. This is how it works in 1976 with Theo Springer:

Every week Theo "throws" $50 in one *sou-sou,* and $30 in another. In each of his *sou-sous,* there are twenty persons who are trusted by the banker or organizer to put in his required $50 or $30. Every week someone gets a "hand," that is, he receives the full amount all the players have given to the banker. No money piles up since every week another player's "hand" comes due. No interest is paid to anyone, of course, and the only satisfaction the banker receives is the trust of his friends and the extra $10 of appreciation thrown his way. Because of his thrift, Theo Springer receives $1,600 every five months from both of his bankers.

It is hard to find anyone who reneges on his promise to play the *sou-sou* each week. Plans of varying importance are always made by the prospective recipient of a *sou-sou* "hand": a new refrigerator, the down payment on a new car, and if you're "straight," a vacation to the islands. To upset these plans because of delinquent payment is to be branded a renegade, and once a player has been "read out" of a *sou-sou,* he will find it difficult to get another *sou-sou* to accept him, for news travels fast among these illegal aliens. Besides, people will only play with those they know, and the members of other island groups do not really trust one another with their money.

"Them Bajans fast with money, you hear?" says the duped Vincentian, and the concurring Grenadian knowingly adds: "Me dear, you right, but they ain't fast like Trinidadians. You should know by now that every Trinidadian is a Tricky-dadian." And so the renegade *sou-sou* player is effectively blocked from playing in the basements of Brooklyn.

Whenever he gets either of his *sou-sou* "hands," Springer invites a few friends over for a "jump up." In Trinidad the Carnival season has started, and these illegal aliens—smarting from the cold and the daily anxieties of their status, knowing that their love of moonlight picnics on sandy beaches must end until they can freely return or are deported—are always ready for a Saturday-night basement party.

Springer has bought four fifths of Mount Gay rum and two fifths of Scotch. Joyce has prepared souse, pilau, and hard-dough bread. She is happy tonight because she thinks that with all the partying going on in the apartment, Springer will get drunk and be forced to spend the weekend with her (a false hope, as it turns out, for at 3 A.M. he leaves to spend what's left of the dark with his Barbadian mistress in the Bronx. Somebody, after all, must pay for the Chivas Regal consumed tonight). When a close friend comes in and invites the drinking Joyce to go for a short spin in his 1976 silver Ford Granada, she becomes flirtatious, a shadow of the self she must have been before Springer, with his uncompromising machismo, came into her life and changed her easy smiles to tentative ones. She throws her hands in the air, turns down the stereo, and begins to dance and sing an old calypso song:

Me mama tell me don't drive with
strangers
In they motor car

And although you look like a decent stranger
You may go too far.

There is great jollity in the apartment, for the party will give the women a chance to display their finery, and the men, burdened by back-breaking jobs all week, will have their humanity refurbished, as under the gaze of lonely women they can strut like peacocks across the crowded, smoky room.

The hit record of the evening is The Mighty Sparrow's "How You Jammin So," and the sexual implications of the song complement the funkiness of body heat and cheap powder in the packed room. The revelers cannot have enough of this music, and I flee to the kitchen with Joyce, who insists that I eat some more of her pilau. She tells me that she hopes Theo will marry her even if he doesn't love her because she is now a citizen, and her husband-to-be will be able "to stay here freely and make something of himself." I ask her how she puts up with his nocturnal forays, and she sighs and says: "What can I do? He ain't a gelding, and I can't stop him."

Suddenly there is an argument in the living room. Theo Springer has come to the defense of Israel. "If they give me a gun, I will go over there and fight tomorrow," he shouts, drunkenly. "Is just one little place and they want to take it over. Them Arabs greedy, boy, you hear me. They greedy." Someone says something about Palestine, and Springer, who has never expressed much interest in politics, throws a glass of rum punch in the speaker's face and says, "You all forget Mussolini. You all forget how he bomb Ethiopia. That was advantage, and is the same thing them Arabs have in mind for Israel. But if you give me a gun, now, now, I go over there and bust them Arabs' tail." The rum-soaked speaker hits Springer, who hits back, and after a few minutes of a free-for-all, with Joyce jumping on the back of her lover's attacker, the room quiets down. But the mood is broken, and the festivities end as Springer heads for the Bronx and I take the subway home.

It is seven o'clock in the darkening streets of lower Manhattan, and on the fourteenth floor of 20 West Broadway, Maurice Kiley, the man who is responsible for all immigration and naturalization problems in New York City's five boroughs, plus Westchester, Orange, Sullivan, Nassau, Suffolk, Rockland, Ulster, Dutchess, and Putnam Counties, sits in his spacious office surrounded by orange chairs and reads petitions from lawyers pleading for their despairing alien clients. His mother and father came to this country from an impoverished Ireland in 1910, and now, in one of those only-in-America strokes, Kiley is responsible for the welfare of all immigrants in the New York area. The building over which he rules is a daily bedlam of people speaking in a babble of tongues and wearing pathetic or hopeful smiles as they come to be investigated, deported, have their vacations lengthened, or be made into bona-fide American citizens.

Kiley, a balding man who wears horn-rimmed spectacles and is given to smoking Sir Walter Raleigh tobacco in a red-and-gold corncob pipe, says that he is "100 percent for immigration and 100 percent against illegal immigration." But he knows that he cannot hope to catch most of the illegal aliens who live under his jurisdiction, and while he spends about $60,000 per month to deport those he catches, he doesn't see his bill increasing over the next few years. In fact, with amazing sobriety he says, "I am not an alarmist. I know that illegal immigration to this country is a big problem, but I don't think we should have half a million immigration officers policing our borders. Moreover, in my jurisdiction, most of the illegal aliens are from Haiti, the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic, and Latin America. We have to be careful not to harass our Spanish-speaking citizens under the guise of looking for aliens. What we need is decent, humane legislation."

But Kiley has a job to do, and since May, 1974, when he took over as the district director, there has been an in-

"...A daily bedlam of people wear pathetic or hopeful smiles as they come to be deported or to be made bona-fide citizens..."

crease of 500 percent in the prosecution of illegal aliens. And in anticipation of greater efficiency, Building 300 in the Brooklyn Navy Yard is being refurbished at a cost of $1 million, and will hold 350 detainees. And in three to five years, a building on Varick Street will be remodeled to hold 800 hapless aliens awaiting deportation. The methods for deportation are really catch as catch can, and Kiley acknowledges this when he says, "We have to maximize results. We would go after the large factory employing 50 aliens and have a mass roundup, rather than go after the domestic working in an apartment on Fifth Avenue."

But all of Kiley's efficiency will not have much effect unless the Congress of the United States enacts humane legislation to deal with the problem. Last June, Congressman Mario Biaggi held hearings at 26 Federal Plaza in New York City on the position of illegal aliens in the society. He found out that some aliens have easy access to voter-registration cards and use them to obtain welfare payments and influence the course of close elections. Bob Blancato, the congressman's legislative assistant, says that Biaggi is interested in the problem of illegal aliens because "the nation's number-one economic problem is unemployment, and in New York alone, 100,000 jobs that New Yorkers can use are currently held by illegal immigrants." The congressman hoped to end these abuses by proposing bill number HR 5987: "A Bill to amend the Immigation and Nationality Act to provide penalties for certain persons who employ or refer for employment aliens who are in the United States illegally and for other purposes." The crux of this bill would be the imposition of a six-month prison sentence or a fine equal to the cost of deportation for an employer who *knowingly* employs an alien. The second offense would bring a year in jail. This bill has not passed in the House, but Peter Rodino's bill, HR 8713, which would first impose a warning, then a civil penalty, and finally a criminal penalty against the employer of illegal aliens, passed in the 92nd and 93rd Congresses.

In the Senate, Senator Kennedy has been busy with his S561 bill: the Immigration and Nationality Act Amendments of 1975. Essentially, this bill would impose reasonable civil penalties on employers of illegal aliens, authorize the attorney general to regularize the status of certain illegal immigrants, make certain that immigrants from the Eastern Hemisphere are treated as well as immigrants from the West, and amend the Civil Rights Act of 1964 so that alien refugees (for example, the Vietnamese) would not be subject to discrimination.

The Kennedy bill has gotten nowhere, and the bills passed in the House die, of course, because there is never any action forthcoming from Senator Eastland's subcommittee on immigration. I tried to reach Edward Loughran, the subcommittee's staff director, to find out if there was any truth to the rumor that this subcommittee has not met since 1965. He did not accept any of my four calls, and he did not return any. He was always tied up in meetings. The rumors around Washington are that Attorney General Saxbe contacted Senator Eastland's subcommittee to try to move it to action, but nothing happened. During the last Congress, members of the House Judiciary Committee, along with delegations from the Departments of Labor, Justice, and State, and the AFL-CIO, tried to get the Senate subcommittee to act again with equally futile results. And so I wanted to ask Ed Loughran why there was such resistance from the Senate subcommittee on immigration to the calls for action. I wanted to find out if there was any truth to the rumor that large farmers, including Senator Eastland, use cheap, illegal Mexican labor and resent any change in the status quo.

In New York, local groups despairing of any Senate action have begun to act on their own. Horace Morancie, the president of the National Organization of West Indian Americans, has seen the traumas suffered by illegal immigrants, and he has come up with an interesting proposal. He has begun a campaign to petition the president of the United States to announce a moratorium on the hunt for illegal aliens in this country. "What we want to do," says Morancie, "is to ask the president to look at the ideas on which this country was founded—as a haven for the poor and downtrodden—and to think about the possibilities of pardoning, in this Bicentennial year, all the illegal people who have chosen America. We would like him to say: 'You were all prodigal sons, but this is now your home.'"

While this country flounders in its decision to write a viable immigration policy, illegal immigrants continue to flock here. Kiley says there are 1.5 million in the New York area, and about 12 million in the whole country. The problem, as I see it, is not so much that these illegal aliens use the hospitals, the schools, and the welfare system. It isn't even that they pay less tax than most people (by claiming a warren of dependents, since they feel that, by the time they have to file their 1040 forms, they may be on their way to the airport in handcuffs). What is most disturbing is that these immigrants in a free country have been forced to adopt a mantle of conspiracy and daily wash themselves in lies.

Last month, I was a guest at a party given at the Fifth Avenue apartment of the president of a large American company. He and his family were away on vacation, but they had turned the apartment over to a couple of Ivy Leaguers who had worked for his company. The party was sane and cerebral, with most of the young people discussing their careers and their future possibilities. Late in the evening, a black man arrived with an armload of records. He was obviously a close friend of one of the hosts, for there was much embracing and handshaking when he came in. I have an ear for accents, and so picked up his slight Jamaican accent. Later I went over and asked, "Which island are you from?" "None," he said quickly, moving away, nervously fingering his lapels. "No island. No island." I knew right away that he was either one of the many who had come as a tourist with his return ticket folded in his passport, and had never returned, or a student who had overstayed his student's visa. Even in this opulent setting, among his friends, he had to be on guard against strange faces.

And so it is this wariness, this lack of candor, this daily tension that make the lot of illegal aliens almost unbearable. They can never afford to be too relaxed, too comfortable, for the bubble is always in danger of being pricked. Moreover, aliens learn that to lie is to survive in this country, that laws are made to be broken with equanimity, and that deviousness is the passport to success. We are nurturing a class of people who are forced to live in a demiworld and are deprived of open communion with other than their own kind. They are going to be the new Americans: suspicious, fearful, conspiratorial. Sooner or later, we will feel the force of their whirlwind, for they are with us forever, and they will not readily go away. ■

The Uses of Default— The Inevitable Is Now Desirable

By Howard Samuels

"...The fate we have struggled so desperately to avoid—default —may now be the only way to save the city's economic life..."

New York City is dying economically, and the three-year budget-balancing plan concocted by our political and business leaders to restore its health is, in fact, hastening its death. As every day's news informs us, the plan is already coming apart at the seams. Soon, the desperate effort to avoid default will be seen for what it is: a series of brilliant tactical moves based on shaky assumptions but lacking a coherent strategy for the city's long-term survival.

When the failure of the three-year plan becomes evident to the politicians, they will pull no more fiscal rabbits from their hats. They—and we—will at last realize that the fate we have been struggling so desperately to avoid —default—may now be the only way to save the city's economic life. A negotiated restructuring of the city's crushing debt, with the help of the federal government, would be a better path to the same end. But if that cannot be done, then default is the only way to get the relief we must have.

Terror of the unknown of default— or, more accurately, a moratorium on the payment of city debt—was the rationale for many of the self-destructive policies we adopted under the three-year plan.

Under the three-year plan, our city's priority for salvation has been to repay our debt, at ridiculous interest costs, ahead of saving our economy, police, firemen, or schools. This is an approach opposite to that used in saving American business hurt by sudden economic reversal, where lenders become the last priority after expenditures necessary to keep the business viable. It was President Ford, of all people, who recognized this last fall when he turned his back on the city and instead of offering aid to us, proposed revision of the federal bankruptcy laws that would permit the city to default without chaos. Recently this bill was approved by a House-Senate conference committee and is expected to be passed by both houses and signed by the president before the end of March. The final conference bill establishes orderly pro-

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Illustrated by Eugene Mihaesco

cedures to restructure our debt and gives New York the vitally needed maneuvering room to evolve a real—not a rhetorical—program for our recovery. If our political leadership, backed by a public that finally understands the problem, does not take this opportunity to default and then to develop a program to save our economy, New York will be an economic wasteland—think of Newark, New Jersey—by 1985.

For all its claims of fiscal responsibility, the present budget-balancing plan is little more than a continuation of the unforgivably phony past management of city financing. The only real difference is that we've upped the stakes. We've gone on from manipulating city revenues and hiding deficits to gouging the business, real-estate, and middle-class taxpayers who create New York's economic life. The governor and his Emergency Financial Control Board behaved honorably in getting involved in our problems in the first place. But their good intentions have not been enough. Unless we seize on the coming failure of the three-year plan as an opportunity to reverse the ruinous one-two punch of tax hikes and service cuts, we've had it. This will be New York's last gimmick.

"Gimmick" derives from carnival slang meaning "a device employed, often illegally, to cheat, deceive, or trick." Our actions in the first months of the budget-balancing plan, unfortunately, fit that definition to a tee. Here's a sample:

Gimmick: our effort to roll over $1.6 billion in short-term city debt into Big MAC bonds. This was a characteristically half-baked beginning for the three-year plan. At best, it only postpones part of our debt, while increasing interest payments on it. And because it is nothing more than default by another name, it negates the ostensible goal of the plan—restoring investor confidence.

Gimmick: claims that city expenses have been significantly reduced. Yes, the city has cut almost 40,000 workers from the payroll. But because we've been willing to borrow at usurious rates to maintain the no-default façade, interest costs will rise $500 million—a sum equal to the salaries of 30,000 laid-off employees.

Gimmick: our tax hikes at state and city levels. Projections of the increased revenues these taxes will bring in are built into the budget-balancing plan. But business, estate, stock-transfer, and real-estate taxes were on the brink of declining returns even before the hikes. The new taxes are likely to yield only a one-shot rise in revenues followed by a sharp fall-off in ensuing years.

Gimmick: hiding from the public hundreds of millions of dollars of known expense. For well over a year we have known that city pensions were underfunded by at least $200 million. We have known, too, that if we weren't juggling the books of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority the deficit of that utterly vital service would be at least that high.

Gimmick: acting on the assumption that tax increases and service cuts can lead to repayments of our $13.5-billion in debt. This may be the greatest gimmick of them all. If we continue to raise taxes and cut services, there will soon be no economic base on which to build a repayment plan. Moreover, New York's financial institutions may be crushed by a combination of worthless city notes and the collapse of billions of dollars' worth of mortgages on city property.

The budget-balancing scheme will fail across the board for still other reasons. The three-year budget assumes, for example, a steady flow of state and federal aid to the city. But President Ford and Governor Carey have already proposed reductions in federal and state aid. Further cuts are inevitable.

The city's principal cost-cutting technique—across-the-board cuts—is a bludgeon, not a scalpel. Layoffs and productivity increases are critical needs for the city, but we've imposed abrupt, across-the-board wipeouts based only on percentages, or seniority, but not productivity. Agencies such as the Economic Development Administration, crucial to seeding the recovery of our private sector, have been affected as much as grossly inefficient, overstaffed, and in some cases, useless agencies such as the Taxi and Limousine Commission. The assumption that unplanned, instant cutoffs can increase efficiency is managerial fantasy.

The three-year plan flies in the face of a half-century of economic experience. We are one of the first government entities since the days of Herbert Hoover to become obsessed with balancing a budget in the midst of a severe recession. Our tax-hike, service-cut policies are exactly the opposite of those that President Ford has adopted to stimulate the election-year economy. Ford is running a $76-billion deficit and cutting taxes. City and state political leaders, in contrast, have swallowed a

"... Debt restructuring would enable us to lower business taxes that drive firms and their middle-class employees away ..."

package of tax boosts that impact on the incomes of individuals and businesses in this city with the force of a $25-billion rise in federal taxes. Such taxes are even more disastrous for local governments than for the Feds. Why? Because when the United States government raises taxes and cuts spending, business has no alternative but to take it. Short of leaving the country, it has no exit. But when the state or city of New York does it, businesses and taxpayers can escape—to New Hampshire, North Carolina, New Jersey.

New York has been declining seriously for over a decade. In the period from 1965 to 1975, the city lost some 30,000 manufacturing jobs annually—30 Rheingold breweries a year. But something profoundly accelerated the decline beginning in 1969. The United States went into a severe recession. Most of the nation recovered by 1971. New York hasn't gotten over it yet.

Every major sector of our economy suffered. The downward graph of manufacturing jobs began to resemble a ski jump as service industries halted their spectacular growth; wholesale and retail trade fell off sharply; finance, insurance, real estate, transportation, and construction plunged. By 1975, the city endured its first full year in memory with unemployment running almost 3 percent above the national average.

The latest Bureau of Labor Statistics figures show a loss of 143,000 jobs from December, 1974, to December, 1975. In 1970, the city had 3.7 million jobs. By 1977, I predict, we'll have about 3 million—20 percent of our economy gone in seven years. A "city" of businesses and taxpayers as large as San Francisco has packed its bags and left New York. This mass destruction of our economy is accelerating, not slowing. It is feeding on itself, verging on a geometric, panic-level rate.

Prospects for next year are bleak. The momentum of this economic decline—its decade-long duration, breadth, and potential for catastrophe—is truly staggering. There are *no* significant signs of hope.

The loss of 70,000 jobs in seven years strips almost $2 billion in tax revenues, leading to a vicious cycle of deficit, futile tax increases, business flight, further drops in revenues, and deeper deficit. Both the governor and the mayor now realize that our economy is hemorrhaging, but they do not yet seem ready to acknowledge that the three-year plan's tax hikes are making matters very much worse. The most recent $600-million hike in state taxes and virtually all city tax boosts since the fiscal crisis fall exclusively on business.

The economic sector most afflicted by the mass exodus is real estate. It is the most important source of all city revenues, providing $3.2 billion a year—over 45 percent of locally raised tax levies. Because real-estate value is based on cash flow, value depends not on the money sunk into land and buildings, but on the economic dynamism going on inside. But very little real estate in the city has positive cash flows today. The departure of business has slashed values all over town. For the first time in 33 years, the total assessed value of real estate in New York City will drop in fiscal year 1976–77. Not only are offices empty, but the executives and managers who occupied middle-income apartments are leaving too. The multi-billion-dollar liquidation of paper values in New York real estate from 1973 to 1976 ranks with the decimation of stocks and securities in the crash of 1929–32. Yet our three-year recovery plan forecasts stable, even rising, revenue from real-estate-tax increases.

The increasing disenchantment of distinguished builders with their properties is about to turn into a rout of abandonment. Real-estate values may plummet 20 percent by 1980, stripping the city of over $700 million in revenue. Apartment landlords are pincered between the politically administered rent-control law and rising tax and fuel costs. Tenants are caught between declining real incomes and increasing housing costs caused mainly by oil and tax increases. Few investors or builders see any future in real estate in New York. Instead, they are casting about for ways to cut and run. As a result, real-estate tax arrears are approaching levels—near 10 percent—last experienced during the Great Depression. Despite that, the business and political leaders on the Emergency Financial Control Board have apparently succumbed to the classic New York fallacy: that the city is a bottomless well that will yield more and more money as taxes are raised.

There is another decisive economic factor that dooms the possibility of balancing the budget in three years: rising interest costs. Under the provisions of the plan, interest costs will climb from $450 million in 1974 to possibly $1.1-billion by 1977–78. Total interest payments would then be greater than city taxpayers' outlays for welfare and Medicaid *combined*. They would be greater than city expenditures for police and fire protection.

It's time to realize that the three-year budget-balancing scheme not only can't work, it shouldn't work. It attempts the impossible in pursuit of the impossible: taxing a sick economy in the hope of restoring vanished investor confidence. In a stunningly naïve way, our leaders have treated a social organism like a cold balance sheet. They are trying to

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"... None of the major Democratic candidates has outlined a program that speaks to our needs. None will, unless we make him. . ."

accomplish too much too fast with too little. When Lockheed Aircraft was teetering on the edge of bankruptcy, it applied for, and got, a federal loan program that granted it seven years to put its house in order. Facing much larger human, management, and fiscal problems, we're attempting to do it in three years, with policies that will make it impossible ever to repay our loans. At the end of the three years, our budget will be thoroughly in the red because of the ruin of our economy: interest costs will have vastly increased; our real-estate and business base will be gutted; our infrastructure will be in total disrepair—potholes, sewer leaks, subway derailments. When the federal loans run out, when the last of our pension funds are sunk into worthless city bonds, we'll default anyway.

It doesn't have to happen. New York can be saved and its economy rebuilt. It will take changes in policy at all levels of government. But those changes won't come unless we stand up and fight. There is no better time to start than in the election year of 1976. The fight is not only for New York, but for all of our cities and suburbs—75 percent of the United States.

Unfortunately, our political leaders and their business advisers on the Emergency Financial Control Board have become so invested in the three-year plan that they are struggling to plug its leaks, rather than admit its inevitable failure. This reflects their almost hypnotic terror of default and a willingness to pay any price to avoid it.

And the price has been exorbitant—both economically and politically. All through our lame negotiations with the federal government last year, we allowed ourselves to be so bedeviled by the bogey of default that we were maneuvered into an economically suicidal position. Our leaders approached Ford and his administration with little more than a series of pleadings for Daddy to spank, forgive, and raise our allowance.

Nowhere in the negotiations did we force Ford to concede that New York's problems go deeper than mismanagement and fiscal tricks—that they are national urban problems likely to be shared by most other U.S. cities and suburbs in the next decade.

In the midst of a recession—concentrated in America's older cities and deepened by Nixon-Ford economic policies—New York and other cities labor under a welter of antiquated and discriminatory federal policies on health, welfare, energy, mass transit, and more. In an uneven political struggle with Ford, we left the country believing that we had ruined our own city.

We did not have to do it this way. When we face the fiscal crisis again, we need not negotiate from weakness. There is ample data today to indicate that a New York City default could threaten our banking institutions and the economic recovery of the country. There are also many ways our federal government could help us restructure our debt at little cost or risk to the rest of the nation. I believe it is obviously in the president's and the nation's interests to help us. But if we must default to save ourselves, now is the time.

New York politics has been too often the art of passing the buck to the future. Our leaders at the state and city levels are attempting to do just that. Their goal, apparently, is to keep the three-year plan afloat at any cost through the 1976 presidential election. The idea of New York in default when the Democrats convene here in July is anathema to them. Their only hope for a long-term solution of the city's problems is that a sympathetic Democratic president will be voted in in 1976 and embark on a Great Society program of urban reconstruction.

This is a delusion. The only way that the agony of urban America is going to be addressed is through our forcing politicians of both parties to take a stand this year. We know what Ford's "policy" has been: malignant neglect and political sniping. But we don't know how the major Democratic candidates stand. Not one has outlined an adequate urban platform that speaks to the needs of America's cities, and none will—unless we *make* him.

The political fallout of a decision to go to court in a default will be heavy. Ford could score points by claiming that profligate New York is on the skids again—in spite of his generous help. But there are limits to the political capital the president can mulct from our distress. Most of the city unions' pay hikes and pension levels, the city-budget manipulation schemes, the welfare and Medicaid rates, and "moral obligation" bonds that have brought the city and now the state to the edge, were passed by our Republican-controlled State Legislature during the sixteen-year reign of Ford's vice-president, Nelson Rockefeller.

But no one can argue that the city and state haven't tried Ford's way. Both have made harsh sacrifices; the sacrifices just haven't worked.

What will happen if we threaten to go to bankruptcy court, and Ford calls our bluff? The answer lies in the provisions of the municipal-debt-restructuring section of the bankruptcy law that is expected to be passed by Congress before April 1. Under this statute, a city can default on its loan obligations and continue to administer its governmental responsibilities subject to a judge-approved long-term workout plan. Congressman Herman Badillo, a House leader for the legislation, fought to restrict the judge's real power under the final bill to accepting or vetoing our plans for repaying debt. It will leave the political and governmental responsibilities for running the city and developing the workout plan in the hands of elected officials. There will be no need to fear the prospect of Bill Simon running New York City's schools, firemen, and police. The law would not force us into the relatively helpless position of a bankrupt. It would simply enable us to reduce the payments of interest and principal on our $13-billion debt. These payments are now eating away $2.3 billion annually, almost one third of the city's locally raised tax revenues. Relief from the debt burden would give city officials breathing room to halt the erosion of city services, resume needed capital construction, and invest in projects that promise to bring economic life back into the city and ultimately ease our loss of taxable industries.

Debt restructuring would also enable us to selectively ease the business taxes that are driving firms and their middle-class employees out of town.

How is this possible? Because the judge in a debt-restructuring process would place repayment of the city's outstanding principal and interest at the bottom of the ladder of priorities. The three-year budget-balancing plan, by contrast, places it at the top. The principle is simple, and widely applied by banks facing an insolvent but rescuable debtor. Currently, banks are carrying billions of dollars' worth of mortgages on real estate at reduced interest rates. Some are even asking no payments at all from troubled creditors. Why? Because the banks know that keeping property maintained and viable is their best chance to recoup most of their loans. In applying the same principle to the city, a federal judge would be forced to take a longer view, relieving the city of current debt so that it could recover. Ironically, this is the only policy (*Continued on page 50*)

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*Formerly the Mary Duke Biddle Estate.

(Continued from page 46) that gives the city's bondholders a prayer of cash paid back.

Debt restructuring would give us breathing room to fight for the changes in state and federal policies necessary for our survival, but it is no panacea.

Freedom to stop punishing our economy may decrease its erosion, but only specific creative economic-development plans can rebuild our economic base. We must increase productivity and reduce the cost of services. So far, despite the efforts of the Emergency Financial Control Board, there is little visible indication of accomplishment. In default, however, the influence and power of the board to improve the management of the city could be greatly increased, not diminished. We have not yet redressed the inequities of the pension system, nor have we obtained real productivity commitments from the unions (although some have offered cooperation). Health services, which cost the city taxpayers even more than welfare, still lack a meaningful plan. The state still shows no inclination to redress its discrimination on state aid, particularly in the area of education.

But under default, the city, in cooperation with the federal judge, can distinguish between cuts that eliminate waste and inefficiency and cuts that push jobs and taxpayers out of the city. This distinction is commonly made by receivers in bankruptcy proceedings. No receiver seeking to protect creditors' interests sucks dry a bankrupt business if it can be saved.

Default could have negative psychological effects on our city, but none worse than the daily newspaper stories chronicling the failure of our present plan. Default, quickly followed with a positive ten-year plan, would tell the world that when the count was nine, New York got back up off the mat.

New York has assets to build on—tourism, port facilities, a large, skilled labor pool, and much more. A judge who steered the savings in debt service into investments in our future would be guaranteeing us a chance to revive and pay our debts.

Delay is decay. There is no economic or political rationale for stumbling on with our self-destructive three-year plan. Our determination to rot in peace aborts a long-overdue national debate on the needs of New York and other cities. If we don't act, this debate *will not be* one of the issues in this year's presidential election. The time to fight is now, before the three-year plan cracks of its own internal contradictions, before we elect another president with no position on the crisis of urban America. We may lose, but at least we'll go down in a style that befits the great city we are. ■

Advertisement

THE STEAK WAR IS OVER AND WE HAVE A WINNER

SPARKS			**TOTAL**
STEAK 11.95	POTATO	SALAD	11.95
CHRIST CELLA			
STEAK 14.25	POTATO	SALAD 2.75	17.00
PALM			
STEAK 12.00	POTATO 2.00	SALAD 2.00	16.00
PETER LUGER			
STEAK 11.75	POTATO 1.65	SALAD 1.75	15.15
PEN & PENCIL			
STEAK 13.95	POTATO .95	SALAD 1.95	16.85
BROADWAY JOE			
STEAK 13.50	POTATO	SALAD	13.50
GALLAGHERS			
STEAK 11.50	POTATO 1.50	SALAD 1.75	14.75

RAW FACTS

Wholesale Cost	What It Costs You
A raw baking potato costs 10¢	You pay up to $1.50
Yesterday's baked potatoes as today's hashbrowns	You pay up to $2.00
A whole case of lettuce costs $8.00 (24 heads make a hell of a lot of salads)	You pay $1.75 to $2.75
Quality shrimp cost about 35¢ each	You pay $4.25 to $5.50 for a shrimp cocktail
Scotch (1½ oz. Cutty or Dewars) 44¢	You pay $1.95 to $2.50
One portion of great real cream cheesecake costs 45¢	You pay up to $2.00
Great coffee costs 10¢ per person (if you use extra cream & sugar)	You pay 75¢ & up per person

The winner of the Steak War is Sparks Steak House, unchallenged in 17 months since it first published it's Dollars and Sense ad. The ad won one of the highest awards in advertising in the consumer ad class at the "One Show." It's "Steak War" series was a winner in the Advertising Art Directors Show.

The war was won by some hard facts about our steaks and two simple statements in the heart of the ads.

Statement One

"The number of places that call themselves steak houses, that serve USDA prime, aged shell steaks exclusively could be counted on your right hand; and the number of fingers left over would horrify you. THAT'S RIGHT! You can count SPARKS STEAK HOUSE AS #1 and the amount of fingers left over (using just your right hand) is a disgrace."

Statement Two

"Aging? Forget it! We know of no one who ages meat as long as we do. High prices are just high prices! They guarantee you nothing!"

My brother and I (Pat & Mike Cetta) who wrote these ads are professional meat men and restaurateurs. We did not set out to win advertising awards. We wanted to point out the gap between prices and quality of steak. Also the ludicrousness of a few little salad greens and a potato, each costing the patron ten to twenty times over the wholesale cost.

"They" would try to make it sound reasonable by telling you of overhead or rent (because of location). We would like to offer you this thought. On the same block that you will find that expensive steak house, you will find a luncheonette paying the same rent; and if rent were really the issue, he would have to charge you $6.00 for a hamburger. After all! Sparks Steak House *is* located in the Gramercy Park area, long established, fashionable, and very conservative when most of uptown was still just a realtor's dream.

But more than a price war the Steak War was a quality war. It was the following documented facts, that held "others" to their silence, for "they" would first have to match or better these facts in order to consider themselves a peer of Sparks Steak House.

Fact. Sparks Steak House maintains the largest known inventory of USDA prime aged shells of any steak house in the United States.

Fact. Sparks Steak House has the longest uninterrupted aging cycles of USDA prime shells exclusively.

Fact. No other Steak House ages their beef as long and as well as we do (and we are always ready to prove that).

Fact. Sparks Steak House guarantees in print, on its menu, what it serves to each and every customer, each and every time.

Fact. During the first week of the August 1973 meat shortage Sparks Steak House did not get caught with its pants down (like some steak houses did) and get themselves into print saying they were running out of beef; proving that they did not have any aging cycles to draw from.

Fact. Sparks Steak House was the ONLY steak house during this shortage that served USDA prime aged shell steaks continuously and exclusively, and went into the New York Times, stating it.

In today's uncertain meat market, it is more important than ever to deal with a steak house that has been serving real USDA prime, aged shell steaks, exclusively, all along and will continue to do so.

Sparks Steak House
123 East 18 St.
(Between Park Ave. & Irving Place)
N.Y.C.—GR 5-9696
No Reservation—Closed Sunday.

Taste Barrier Broken.

Struggle to get taste into low tar smoking ends suddenly with new 'Enriched Flavor'™ discovery for 9 mg. tar MERIT.

For years, dependency on tar for taste has created a taste "barrier" for low tar cigarettes.

A limit on how good a low tar smoke could taste.

Now that barrier has been broken.

Broken by a remarkable cigarette called MERIT.

MERIT packs 'Enriched Flavor.' A radical new taste discovery so effective at fortifying tobacco with extra flavor that MERIT actually delivers as much—*or more*—taste than cigarettes having higher tar.

Up to 60% higher tar.

Yet MERIT has only 9 mg. tar. One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today. *Lower, in fact, than 98% of all cigarettes sold.*

Thousands of smokers were tested. The results were conclusive.

If you smoke, you'll be interested.

Smokers Report MERIT Delivers More Taste

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar cigarette brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1976

Thousands of filter smokers were involved, smokers like yourself, all tested at home.*

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much—*or more*—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now you've got the cigarette.

MERIT. Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

From Philip Morris.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion. Study available free on request. Philip Morris Inc., Richmond, VA 23261.

MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Might and right: *Disclosures in hearings held by Senator Church (top) of international bribery on a grand scale resulted in the retirement of Lockheed chairman Daniel Haughton. A key element in the scandal: Lockheed's all-out efforts to sell its hot F-104 Starfighter (right).*

Lockheed's Foreign Policy: Who, in the End, Corrupted Whom?

By Anthony Sampson

"...The zeal for bribery was partly stimulated by Lockheed's conviction that Europeans—particularly the French—were masters..."

For the last month, the revelations about bribes from the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, spreading out from Washington, have been reverberating through the Western capitals, bringing other scandals in their wake, like rocks tumbling in an avalanche. Since Senator Frank Church presented new documentary evidence in the first week of February, developed in hearings of his Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, his name has become legendary outside America. Lockheed has now been accused of paying bribes in at least fifteen countries, and in at least six of them, it has caused serious governmental crises.

Anthony Sampson is writing a book on the arms companies, to be published by Viking next winter.

But the story is really much more interesting than a story of bribes—for bribes are always, like the lies of children, a symptom of deeper problems. The Lockheed Papers, when pieced together against the backdrop of history, provide a fascinating insight into the whole motivation through which a resourceful but heavy-handed corporation extended itself through the world. And the story raises many questions much deeper than bribery.

How did this hectic pressurizing and salesmanship fit in with any planned concept of Western defense? Who was responsible for overseeing and limiting the export of arms? How deep are the links between arms and intelligence? Why do arms and bribery so inevitably go together? And in the murky frontier between companies and their foreign agents, who, in the end, is corrupting whom?

To see the Lockheed story in perspective, it is necessary to flash back briefly to the late fifties, when this thrusting company was first pushing itself into Europe. Its planes were crucial weapons of the cold war, and its links with the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency were necessarily close. Lockheed had built the spectacular U-2 spy plane—at the special behest of the CIA's director, Allen Dulles—which could photograph Soviet installations from a height of 50,000 feet (and whose discovery by the Russians brought about the collapse of the 1960 summit meeting between President Eisenhower and Soviet Premier Khrushchev).

"...Within the company Haughton inspired worship and resentment...In the aviation industry, Lockheed *was* Haughton..."

In the cold-war atmosphere of the time, the selling of aircraft and the security of the West were especially close. For anyone inside the military-industrial complex, the business was a crusade. Such California companies as North American Aviation, Northrop, and Lockheed had a special confidence and romance, and the great Lockheed headquarters at Burbank, north of Los Angeles, was one of the wonders of the West. (It also had a special, if incongruous, romance for filmgoers: the private Lockheed airport had been used in 1943 to film the closing scene between Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*.)

In this dedicated atmosphere, Lockheed produced in the late fifties a brand-new fighter, which was spectacular in its performance, called the Starfighter, or F-104. It climbed steeply. It accelerated easily, and many pilots regarded it as a wonder plane. But the Starfighter was, as one aviation expert described it, an unforgiving aircraft, for without expert handling and meticulous maintenance it was very dangerous. It was not very popular with the United States Air Force, but to the Europeans it appeared dazzling.

The Starfighter was the spearhead of the Lockheed invasion of Europe, and the executives went abroad with a well-based confidence in their plane, and with a driving zeal. But behind all their enthusiasm—as is so often the case in aircraft companies—lay the personality of one man.

In all the hundreds of pages of Lockheed memos there are very few mentions of the boss. Most of the crucial recent testimony has come from Carl Kotchian, the former number-two man, for the boss preferred not to deal with non-English-speaking people. But for fifteen years, until last month, the real force behind Lockheed was Daniel Jeremiah Haughton, one of the last charismatic names in American business.

Dan Haughton, a country boy from Alabama with a wide grin and a boyish style, had begun in Lockheed as a systems analyst, but he had come to breathe the very spirit of aeronautic adventure. Even in London, addressing hard-boiled civil servants, he has been observed to bring tears to their eyes. "I had an alarming feeling," said one normally skeptical Rolls-Royce executive, "that if he told us to march out of the window, we would follow him."

Haughton became Lockheed's executive vice-president in 1956, and president five years later, and he impregnated the whole corporation with his enthusiastic toughness and his mixture of ruthlessness and devotion. He got up at four in the morning, and worked so hard that he needed two teams of secretaries and assistants, working in shifts, to keep up with him. While at home he was devoted to his invalid wife, who suffered from multiple sclerosis. His style was hard driving but intimate. He was a coal miner's son, and he liked to wear his hat on the back of his head, and to mix gin rummy with business. In the company he inspired both worship and bitter resentment, but in the aviation industry—which depends on huge gambles and aggressive salesmanship and tends to encourage autocratic rulers—and for most of its executives, Lockheed *was* Haughton.

Kotchian of Lockheed (left) testifying: *The number-two man's evidence was crucial.*

It was Haughton who inspired the Lockheed men to go abroad and sell their planes with single-minded determination. And it was his drive and impatience that pressed them to use whatever hard-selling methods they could employ, including bribery.

The zeal for bribery was partly stimulated by the conviction of Lockheed men that the Europeans—and particularly the French—were past masters in the art. They showed something of an obsession with Gallic corruption. No doubt there was some evidence that employees of Dassault, their chief French rival, were passing bribes (a Dassault executive was charged last month with bribing a Dutch official).

But what the Americans were also up against, as one memo lamented, was French "tact and diplomacy"—together with the effective coordination between French diplomats and businessmen. And into this subtle territory the gung-ho Lockheed agents moved with heavy tread, and with an obsessive insistence on writing everything down—to impress the boss.

Spurred on by Haughton, Lockheed executives set about selling the Starfighter to the countries of NATO. They were, as they saw it, not only making money, but helping to unify the Western world by standardizing its aircraft. This notion was to be officially endorsed in 1961, when Defense Secretary McNamara decided to set up a government sales organization to stimulate exports and reduce the growing deficit.

Lockheed already had its own organization in Europe. At the head of it was a dynamic Dutchman named Fred Meuser, who had worked for KLM and served in the Royal Air Force during the war, after which he became a naturalized American citizen working for Lockheed. In 1954 Meuser was transferred to Switzerland to be Lockheed's

Haughton (right) and Kenneth Keith of Rolls-Royce: *Somebody up there liked the TriStar.*

PICTORIAL PARADE

director for Europe, Africa, and the Near East. Meuser had a nexus of "top-of-the-top" contacts (as he called them) throughout Europe to advise him. And to help him, he chose an old Swiss college friend, Hubert Weisbrod, an expert skier and amateur pilot who had practiced international law in Zurich.

Weisbrod was an invaluable ally. Much of the success in selling the Starfighter (Meuser recalled later in a characteristically indiscreet Lockheed letter) "was in no small measure due to his expert counseling and behind-the-scenes pulling of strings. Hardly ever did Hubert appear in the open for the support of Lockheed's interests; practically all his constructive work was done discreetly, indirectly." Weisbrod, a lawyer, had a special advantage: under Swiss law he was protected (as bankers are) from investigation. Meuser and Weisbrod, with their discreet Swiss bank accounts, were at the center of the Lockheed web extending from Geneva to Jakarta.

Fred Meuser also recruited an influential Dutch friend and old colleague from KLM to help in Lockheed's sales effort, a Resistance hero named Hans Gerritsen. As a young man, Gerritsen had been a famous sportsman, an Olympic skier who also played soccer for Holland. In World War II, as an underground leader, he was captured, tortured, and nearly killed; his body was used in medical experiments that affected his health. After the war he was very active in a club of ex-Resistance members, many of whom were important Dutch leaders.

But there is little doubt that the chief attraction Gerritsen held for Lockheed was his friendship with Prince Bernhard, husband of Queen Juliana. He had first met the prince before the war at an ice-hockey match. After the war, Bernhard (who had been flying with the RAF) made a point of meeting Dutch Resistance heroes. The two formed a close friendship, which ripened over the next 30 years.

On Fred Meuser's advice, Gerritsen was hired as Lockheed's special consultant at a salary of $18,000 a year. Gerritsen knew very little about aircraft, except what he had picked up working for KLM, and he never visited the Lockheed plant in California. But, as he explained recently in an interview, "The Americans came to me because they were told that I was a Resistance hero, and that I had good contacts."

Lockheed was not disappointed with its new agent. Gerritsen reckoned that his help in selling its planes, including the Starfighters, to the Dutch was worth ten times what he earned. Through the Resistance club he developed excellent contacts, particularly at the Ministry of Economics.

PICTORIAL PARADE

Parker (right), Lockheed's man in Britain, in 1964, when he was secretary to Prince Philip (left): *Wherever it went on business, the company tried to fly high.*

But certainly Gerritsen's most precious function for Lockheed was as a link with Prince Bernhard. For the prince had better contacts than anyone. He was a director of many key Dutch companies, including KLM, he was inspector general of the armed forces, and he was prominent in high-level international organizations. The best known was the World Wildlife Fund, which he founded in 1961 with support from an array of international grandees and also from businessmen, including Courtlandt Gross, then chairman of Lockheed; Tom Jones, the president of Northrop; and Fred Meuser.

PICTORIAL PARADE

Prince Bernhard and Hans Gerritsen (inset): *Lockheed was not disappointed.*

And it was between 1961 and 1962, according to Lockheed's sworn testimony in Washington last month, that Prince Bernhard was paid $1 million, through the Swiss representatives. Fred Meuser has since denied that the money reached the prince, but the Lockheed testimony appeared unambiguous: that the money reached the prince and was intended "to establish a general climate of goodwill to foster our sales."

Undoubtedly the prince was useful to American friends. Much later, Gerritsen and the prince also became involved with another aircraft company —Northrop. And in 1971, when Northrop was planning to hire a new consultant, management's first thought (according to one of its memos) was to ask the prince's advice. The chief job of the consultant was to lobby members of the Dutch parliament to further Northrop's interests. But the prince nevertheless was involved.

The Lockheed agents in Holland, Belgium, and elsewhere (though notably not in Japan) were men with fine war records and postwar links with intelligence, who doubtless saw their employment as part of the great cause of maintaining the Atlantic alliance and who brought a special prestige to the company's salesmanship. In each country, Lockheed tried to fly high. In Britain it hired Prince Philip's former private secretary, Michael Parker, who became a close colleague of Gerritsen's. (Parker, now living in Fiji, insists that Lockheed is innocent of any corruption)

In the late fifties, Lockheed was also energetically selling the Starfighter in the most important market of all—West Germany—against strong compe-

"... The Pentagon and State Department are supposed to oversee arms exports, but the business now has momentum of its own..."

tition from the Dassault Mirage III and Grumman Super Tiger. Lockheed launched a lobbying offensive in Bonn that became notorious for its relentlessness, even by German standards.

The German defense minister, Franz Josef Strauss, the combative Bavarian, was at first (according to his own account) inclined toward the French fighter, but he was persuaded by the *Luftwaffe*, as he explains it, to turn to the Starfighter. In any case, he had an obvious interest in the American plane, which he saw as part of Germany's catching up with military technology and becoming part of the Western nuclear-deterrent system.

The Lockheed campaign was soon triumphant. Strauss first ordered 250 Starfighters in 1959, then 700 more the following year. But the results were politically catastrophic. The *Luftwaffe* insisted on equipping the plane with extra devices, which Lockheed was glad to supply. These increased the weight and the problems of the Starfighter, however, and it required highly skilled pilots and careful maintenance.

In the seven years that followed, no fewer than 91 Starfighters crashed. The plane became known as the "Flying Coffin," and the widows of Starfighter pilots became—as they still are—a formidable lobby. The resulting scandal eventually contributed to the fall of the Erhard government in 1966, and the real truth behind the Starfighter deal has been bitterly contested ever since.

Among the Lockheed salesmen in Germany from 1961 to 1964 was a fast-talking American ex-Army intelligence officer named Ernest Haser, who had become friendly with Strauss in the army, and whom Strauss had later recommended to Lockheed. His evidence to the multinational corporations subcommittee in Washington hasn't been found wholly reliable. But what is certain is that he kept a diary—his handwriting has been authenticated—which contained incriminating entries. Some mentioned Prince Bernhard's receiving money through Fred Meuser's bank account. Others referred to Lockheed payments made to the Christian Social Union, the party headed by Strauss. One entry even described Strauss's anger because a commission had not been passed on to his party as promised. Strauss denies everything. He maintains that Hauser was a KGB agent.

The Strauss question is possibly the most explosive of all the questions raised by Lockheed, and it remains unresolved. But what is clear is that Lockheed continued to be involved with bribery in Germany—in its rather blundering fashion. A comic example has emerged in a recently released Lockheed memo, in which a Lockheed executive, Mr. Orwat, describes how, in 1971, he had just dined with Lockheed's new agent in Düsseldorf, Christian Steinrücke. He had been very much impressed: it was a magnificent mansion, Mrs. Steinrücke was a "lovely lady," and the dinner party for sixteen was as "splendidly presented as any I have attended in Europe." Among the guests were Dr. Mommsen, a former deputy minister of defense, and Vice Admiral Kuhnle, the chief of the German navy. "I am told—and I can believe it!" explained Orwat, "that Germans seldom turn down a dinner invitation from the Steinrückes."

But the Lockheed people were rather too dazzled. Steinrücke asked them for $8,000 to bribe political parties, in order to persuade the West German Bundesbank to buy some Lockheed Jet-Star executive planes. But Steinrücke (according to an official statement from the Bonn government last month) kept the money for himself, and the Bundesbank never bought the planes. Like other episodes in the Lockheed dossier, it raises the question: who was corrupting whom?

Lockheed's dealings in Italy reveal the company still deeper in a confused bog of corruption. In Rome in the mid-sixties Lockheed tried to sell first its Orion turbojets, then Hercules transports. To this end the company's legal counsel, Roger Bixby Smith, rather nervously employed two resourceful lawyers in Rome, the brothers Lefebvre, who acted as intermediaries with the Italian minister of defense.

With the Lefebvres' help, the customary delays inside the Ministry were miraculously circumvented, but Smith found himself facing increasingly exorbitant demands from the brothers. By March, 1969, he was writing anxiously to his Lockheed bosses ("please hold on to your seat"), explaining that his agent might now need $120,000 for each Hercules aircraft that was sold—because, he explained, he had to outbid the French and German bribes.

Smith's letter explaining this problem, handwritten to avoid leakage, is nevertheless an ironic example of Lockheed's insistence on writing everything down. "I really should not be putting even the foregoing in writing," he explained, "but I have no choice . . . I hope you keep this letter on a very strict need-to-know basis. . . ."

Smith realized that Lockheed was dealing with dynamite, which (as he put it) "could blow Lockheed right out of Italy." But his bosses acceded, and the money was duly paid through a discreet company in Panama with the innocent-sounding name of the Temperate Zone Research Foundation. The order for the aircraft went through.

These episodes in the Lockheed story must all be set in the perspective of European history. It was an unprecedented boom time in the Western capitals. Money was flowing in without apparent end, and the defense contracts were all in the good name of anti-Communism. The Americans were impatient and generous, and seemed quite ready to be fleeced. The fact that the agents were robbing their own governments was conveniently concealed.

It is often difficult, from the memos, to decide who is behaving worst. The Americans were relentless, naïve, and impatient. But their European agents were wily and grasping. They extorted huge sums, while the Americans, in some cases it seems, sold them planes they did not really need. In the case of Italy there is some doubt as to whether the Hercules transports were required for NATO's defenses—but the deal suited both the agents and Lockheed.

Certainly the Lockheed bribes were sometimes able to achieve remarkable outcomes. Probably the most remarkable was in Japan. In November, 1972, All Nippon Airways in Tokyo ordered six Lockheed TriStar airliners, powered with Rolls-Royce engines, against heavy competition from Boeing and McDonnell Douglas. The choice seemed very odd at the time, and *Time* magazine carried a puzzled report headed "Somebody Up There Likes Lockheed." It has now emerged who it was: Lockheed had paid $7 million to a right-wing ex-war criminal, Yoshio Kodama, to persuade customers, including All Nippon Airways.

To what extent is Lockheed a unique case of a corrupting and unscrupulous company? Certainly the documents show a repeating pattern of Lockheed excesses—in Turkey, Mexico, Colombia, the Philippines. And in the Middle East, a Lockheed extravaganza has emerged that makes Europe seem petty.

But the case of Northrop, the much smaller California company that followed in Lockheed's wake, reveals an equal lack of scruple. And some of the investigators in Washington suspect that other companies are no more fas-

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

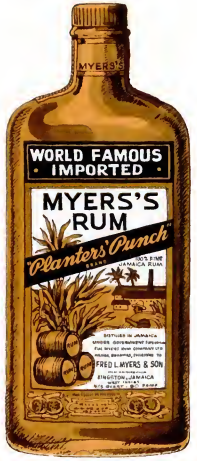
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

For a free recipe booklet write: Park Avenue Imports, 375 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10022. Myers's Rum 80 Proof.

"...There is a striking lack of reference in the papers to serious defense requirements—the enemy is not Moscow, but Dassault..."

tidious. Perhaps the more important question is: what was the Pentagon doing behind the scenes?

Undoubtedly the Pentagon was doing little to discourage bribery. As recently as July, 1974, a Pentagon official, Joe Hoenig, gave a pep talk to electronics salesmen about the Middle East, stressing the importance of buying "influence"—which, he explained, might include "payments of substantial sums of money to individuals in high government position."

(There is a half-plausible argument that can be made for the middlemen in the Middle East: that they are the indispensable bridges between medieval aristocracies and twentieth-century industries, and that they are helping to build up a new middle class with entrepreneurial skills—like the paymasters and agents who surrounded eighteenth-century courts in Europe. But to apply this defense to bribery in modern Europe must imply a very contemptuous view of European democracy.)

The Europeans cannot afford to feel smug about their role as revealed in the Lockheed Papers. There is enough evidence to suggest that companies like Dassault and Siemens have set a brisk pace in the bribery business, and there is no indication of Europeans' being reluctant to accept bribes. The Swiss government provides the haven that can protect undercover operations all over Europe. But it is the American government that can most effectively move against its own companies.

The argument is put forward by *The Economist*, the authoritative London weekly, and others that the fuss about bribery is naïve, and that any realistic businessman knows that bribing is part of the process of bridging two cultures. Where, after all, does bribing begin and end? What is the real distinction between social corruption—the lavish dinner party, the pot of caviar—and the passing of money into secret bank accounts? Both are concerned with creating what Lockheed described in the case of Prince Bernhard as a "climate of goodwill." And Lockheed's generosity in Europe and Japan was in the context of the Atlantic alliance, which was the accepted policy of all governments concerned.

But the problem with bribery is that it very easily escalates among rivals so that it ends with a huge advantage to whichever company is the richest and most ruthless. And whatever justification might be put forward for allowing bribery in other industries, the arms business is a very special, and very dangerous, case.

Hauser, Lockheed's man in Germany: *Incriminating entries in a careful diary.*

From the beginning of industrialized warfare, arms and bribery have tended to go hand in hand. The most notorious example was the career of Sir Basil Zaharoff, the master salesman for the British Vickers company before World War I, who sold weapons to half the world with a blatant use of bribes and whose true loyalties were almost impossible to penetrate. Zaharoff was able to justify his ambiguous dealings with foreign countries partly through his claim that, by supplying arms to potential enemies, he was able to learn much more about their armies and dispositions. And through his intelligence and international network, he did in fact make himself indispensable to, among many others, Lloyd George, the British prime minister during World War I, for whom he acted as special agent. Zaharoff combined the functions of arms dealer, diplomat, and spy, and the fact that so much of his dealing was in confidence, directly with governments, gave him special scope, both as a secret agent and as a secret briber—as it has given many arms dealers since.

The kind of indiscriminate and uncontrolled arms-dealing that was practiced by Sir Basil is now much more closely supervised by governments, and arms companies are no longer free to supply potential enemies as they wish. But the commercial incentive to export remains very powerful and is becoming increasingly so. The bribe in not merely a means of persuading a foreign government to favor one company against another. Quite often it is an inducement to a government to buy arms that it does not really need or want.

In the case of Europe, there need be no great sympathy for governments that have allowed themselves to be influenced by bribes. If developed industrial countries have not learned to protect themselves from bribery, then the documents uncovered by Senator Church should provide a useful lesson in the necessity to do so. It is a melancholy reflection on the integrity of European governments that they should

A crashed West German Starfighter and Defense Minister Strauss: *A hot plane became known as the "Flying Coffin" and contributed to the fall of a government.*

need an American senator to teach them.

What is more serious, and more tragic, is the influence of bribes in the developing world, where they can succeed in helping to generate a growing appetite for arms and distort the economy. The argument of the arms companies is always that if they do not sell the arms, someone else will, and that it is hopeless to try to frustrate the ambitions of young nations. But the Lockheed-Northrop documents provide some evidence that the companies, with their persistent bribing and lobbying, are themselves creating the new atmosphere of military ambition, and in the process they are thus laying up trouble for the future.

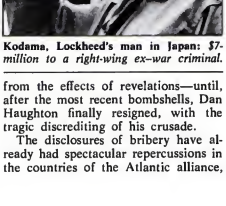
against Senator Humphrey's amendment to limit arms exports, their argument was not really about the needs of Western defense, but about the dangers of unemployment in California—and its effects on the congressmen.

Fifteen years ago it may have seemed plausible to the Pentagon to assume that the commercial zeal of the companies was in keeping with defense interests. The Pentagon could turn a blind eye to excesses and use the companies as its fall guys when convenient. But today the Pentagon is in a tricky relationship with Lockheed. It is the biggest American defense contractor, and yet it is in a perilous financial position. The Pentagon has been inclined to protect Lockheed (and Northrop)

Lockheed TriStars in production: *To what extent were the company's bribes unique?*

This makes the role of the Western governments all the more important. The Pentagon and the State Department are supposed to oversee arms exports, but the business has acquired a momentum and toughness of its own, particularly after McNamara's decision in 1961 to encourage selling abroad. The question of what the arms were *for*, in terms of Western defense, was easily forgotten. In all the published Lockheed and Northrop Papers there is a striking lack of reference to serious defense requirements, or anything that the Russians or Chinese might be doing—the enemy is not Moscow, but Dassault.

The Pentagon had virtually unleashed the arms salesmen, and exports became increasingly important as a means to earn foreign currency and to maintain employment and production lines at home—particularly after the oil price increases in 1973. It is interesting to note that when early last month the American arms companies lobbied



Kodama, Lockheed's man in Japan: $7-million to a right-wing ex-war criminal.

from the effects of revelations—until, after the most recent bombshells, Dan Haughton finally resigned, with the tragic discrediting of his crusade.

The disclosures of bribery have already had spectacular repercussions in the countries of the Atlantic alliance, and the effects are still gathering weight. There are two main reactions among Europeans. The first is one of awe—that Americans are able to uncover so relentlessly the corrupt secrets that have lain hidden for so long in the Western capitals. For however much Italians and Japanese have fumed and tolerated the fact that their politicians were deeply corrupted, there remains a vast difference between accepting corruption and having it forced on the public's attention.

The second reaction is one of alarm that Americans may be entering a minefield that they do not really understand. The Europeans insist that, like the zealous Puritans in Ibsen's plays, the Americans have upset everyone's lives, and the truth they have laid bare is only part of a much more complex situation. In the American system, it is argued, it is all very well to go from the extremes of massive bribery to massive disclosure. But in the European societies, the coloration of mild traditional corruption is part of a more delicate balance, and a low price to pay for the continuation of the Italian Christian Democrats, the Dutch monarchy, or the Atlantic alliance itself.

Certainly the first results of the scandals will be painful to both American and European governments. The Italian Communists have already shown some gains in public-opinion polls, and the high-minded image of NATO has been seriously tarnished. But the argument that corruption must be covered up for the sake of a secure defense system is a very dangerous one, and the interaction of American and European attitudes is implicit in that common system.

If Europeans have been prepared to let themselves be bribed by American companies, then they must be prepared to face up to the cleaning-up. The Italian Communists are able to gloat that their conservative opponents in Italy have been revealed as swindlers, but they cannot disguise the fact that the instrument of that disclosure has been not the Italian opposition, but the American democratic system. However embarrassing in the short term, the long-term effects of the revelations should be to force Europeans themselves to clean their own dirty linen, and in the process reform their system to make it much less vulnerable to attack from Communists, or from anyone else.

But both American and European governments will now find it difficult to avoid the task of cleaning up business methods—particularly in the arms business. For corruption in the defense companies raises the question: what kind of society are they supposed to be defending? ■

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Perm MacCormick and Harry Henderson in Scar of Shame.

Silent Plight

"That's Mr. Hillyard playing. Someday he will be the leading composer of our race," says Mrs. Green, who runs a "select boarding-house" in the black silent film *Scar of Shame*. Other members of the caste speak of "my group," "our women," and "our set." This nifty melodrama—as classily made as it is class conscious—was produced in 1927 by the Colored Players Film Corporation of Philadelphia. It was acted by black actors, directed by a white director, and shown primarily to black audiences. The story, as you might imagine, concerns a young concert pianist (played by Harry Henderson), a bad girl (Lucia Lynn Moses), a good girl (Perm MacCormick), a villain (William E. Pettus), and a kindly old lawyer (Lawrence Chenault).

SCAR OF SHAME/*March 17–23*
Whitney Museum of American Art

The Other Side of the Tracks

We would, if we could, pluck our little mayor out of his easy chair and deposit him on Monday night at a slide presentation called "Subways of the World," where he would see pretty pictures of what's underground in Budapest, Glasgow, London, Mexico City, Montreal, Moscow, Munich, Paris, Peking, Rome, San Francisco, São Paulo, Seoul, Stockholm, and Tokyo: shiny cars on the tracks, unscathed leather seats in the shiny cars, nice ladies sweeping the stations without fear of losing their brooms, advertising banners flying high above artless walls, and so on. But even then, would he get the point? Aside from the slides, the evening will offer one Frank Glaz singing a couple of his "subway songs" and Sanford Garelik, chief of New York's Transit Police, answering questions about safety.

SUBWAYS OF THE WORLD/*March 15 at 7:30 p.m./1 World Trade Center Oval Room Auditorium/44th floor*

Jamaica honeysuckle, in glass.

How Does Your Garden Glow?

The meticulously crafted glass flowers from the Ware Collection at Harvard's Botanical Museum will go on view here this week. Made from 1887 to 1936 by Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka, father-and-son naturalists and glassworkers from Dresden, the flowers are totally hand modeled. Not only is their fidelity to natural flowers astounding, but they even display some of the same insect-attracting patterns—visible only under ultraviolet light. The glass flowers are now beginning to disintegrate, and the only way to check the process is with humidity-controlled cases (which proceeds from this exhibit will help provide). When they make their entrance into New York—via chartered plane and limousines—the flowers will be packed in special crates so they won't be jostled. **—Sandra Morehouse**

STEUBEN GLASS/*Fifth Avenue at 56th Street/March 10–April 3/$2*

JAY MANIS

Rank and Style

Before the parade passes by, march on down to the Village Stripper, where the window is ablaze with majorettes' uniforms ($18) and the plumed hats that sit on band-players' heads ($22).

THE VILLAGE STRIPPER/*521 Hudson Street/929-4180*

Babes on Broadway

Whether or not we would be happier seeing our children climbing trees than fire escapes, we are here, and so are they. Which is why it's probably a good idea to attend a three-session program called "Bringing Up City Kids *Healthy*," conducted by pediatricians and psychiatrists from Babies Hospital at Columbia-Presbyterian. After the good doctors speak briefly on prescribing medicines, school problems, divorced parents, independence, violence, teenage sexuality, obesity, pregnancy, and assorted health hazards of city living, they will lead small discussion groups with the audience.

BRINGING UP CITY KIDS HEALTHY/*March 16, 23, 30 at 7:30 p.m./Marymount Manhattan College/221 East 71st Street/$5 for all three/Reservations: 694-6529*

The Sprites of Spring

It's a five-week spring season for Joffrey, featuring the company's golden girl, exotic little Ann Marie de Angelo; a new ballet by Margo Sappington, who choreographed and danced in a nude work that was the sensation of *Oh! Calcutta!*; a Kurt Jooss evening in honor of the German choreographer; and "Drums, Dreams and Banjos," the three-ring circus that is Gerald Arpino's salute to the Bicentennial.

JOFFREY BALLET/*March 10–April 11 City Center*

MARGARET BROWN

A Family Affair

The bride's Something Old could be her grandmother's damask tablecloth cleverly worked into her patchwork wedding dress ($260–$320) by Country Elegance Wedding Weeds, a new Seventh Avenue bridal-gown firm cashing in on "the kind of couple who write their own ceremony." The bride takes her tablecloth or old lace or whatever to Saks's bridal department, which sends it on in a little bag with the order. Gowns are white or ivory or a combination of the two. Also available are custom-made bridal clogs, a ringbearer's pillow, and a headdress of hanging lace and ribbons. Whatever happened to the counterculture? When it has been swallowed up by the bridal market, it has truly vanished into mass culture without leaving a trace. **—Priscilla Tucker**

COUNTRY ELEGANCE/*Saks Fifth Avenue/Bridal department*

A. T. BOLTON

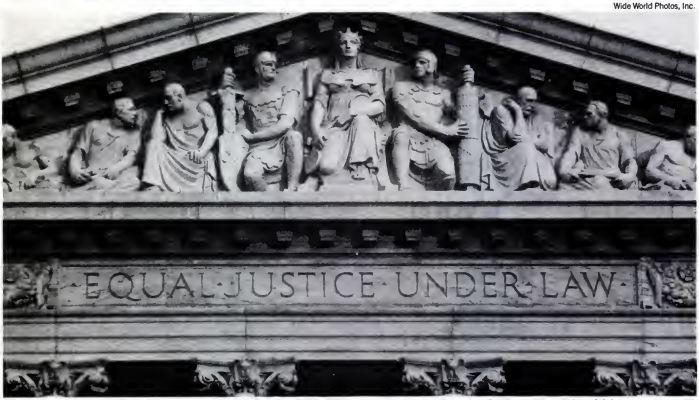
The Stamp Acts

"I am a poor writer with an antiquarian taste in books and all the things I want are impossible to get over here except in very expensive rare editions, or in Barnes & Noble's grimy, marked-up schoolboy copies," wrote New Yorker Helene Hanff to a warm and cozy bookshop (above) in London. The correspondence and her leather-bound-book buying went on for twenty lovely years. The letters were published in book form in 1970, and now, thanks to the BBC, the affair has been dramatized for television. Anne Jackson stars.

84, CHARING CROSS ROAD/*March 13 at 9 p.m./Channel 13*

"Once they have set a course, courts can be as slow to come about as a square-rigger in a flat calm."

Wide World Photos, Inc.



"In 1854 the Supreme Court ruled that financial damages from collision at sea should be divided equally among those at fault. Now they have finally managed a reversal of course."

To most Americans, the law is as dry and forbidding as the Gobi desert.

Yet, after all, law deals with human behavior, however dehydrated; and it touches every part of our lives.

In Time Magazine, the Law section is a weekly demonstration of Time's aptitude for animating dullness, illuminating obscurity, and retrieving relevance from masses of details.

Time's editors know a legal landmark when they see one, and they know how to show you why it matters.

You know what Time does. And reading it every week reminds you how well.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

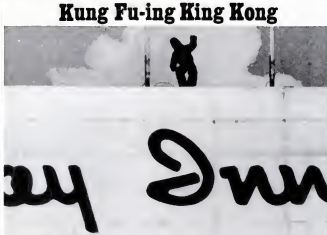
Hollywood's Help-Wanted Ad

In an unprecedented casting move, Francis Ford Coppola (*Godfather I* and *II*) took an advertisement in the show-biz publications *Daily Variety* and Hollywood *Reporter* to announce "our first choices for the principal roles" in his upcoming $10-million *Apocalypse Now*. The list is headed by Marlon Brando and Robert Duvall, the only two actors named who are actually signed at present. The other actors (including Michael Learned of "The Waltons" and Harvey Keitel) had no inkling of their selection, and most were understandably surprised. "Since this is the first notification of our choices," the ad concludes, "the above casting is subject to the final negotiation of deals." All this from the man who recently offered Steve McQueen $3 million for three weeks' work on the same film. Now, startled studio heads are expecting that it will cost plenty to work out contracts with actors who are already smug with the knowledge that the *Apocalypse Now* parts are theirs for the asking.

Amer. Express: Sadder but Wiser

American Express is learning. The company donated a free "Be-My-Guest" dinner for two to be bid on as part of the Lights! Camera! Auction! benefit for various Brooklyn cultural institutions—with a string attached. American Express explained: "Easily the most famous Be-My-Guest was won by Craig Claiborne, who bid on it during a Channel 13 auction similar to yours, then traveled to Paris for a $4,000 dinner. Alas, that experience taught us that it would be wise to put a limit on the offer, so we have selected $200 as a likely amount for a really exceptional dinner for two."

Kung Fu-ing King Kong



Kong: Going ape over Rae Fey at the Wichita Holiday Inn.

So Dino De Laurentiis is spending $20 million to remake *King Kong*. An outfit in Kansas has just *finished* spending $300,000 to make *King Kung Fu*, a movie about a Chinese gorilla that learns kung fu, escapes from captivity, and eventually winds up climbing to the top of the Holiday Inn in Wichita. Epic stuff it is not, but then the break-even point is not quite so high on a $300,000 budget. What's more, there is a particularly miffed giant distributor out in entertainmentland, Universal Pictures—which had been battling De Laurentiis to be the remaker of *King Kong*, but lost—that may want to distribute *King Kung Fu*. Wichita producer Robert Walterscheid recently concluded a letter to Universal czar Lew Wasserman: "Let's band together to Kung Fu King Kong." And, sources say, that letter is getting serious consideration. Universal has agreed not to *make* its own Kong picture for at least eighteen months, but that may not necessarily prevent it from distributing one. On the other hand, if Universal has as big a slice of the De Laurentiis/Paramount *Kong* as certain Hollywood lawyers would have us think—its compensation for dropping out of the great-ape race—then *King Kung Fu* may have to look elsewhere. Roger Corman—are you listening?

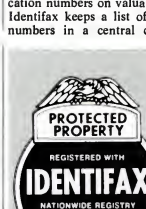
Bailey: Post-trial publicity.

Bailey, Patty: Age Before Beauty

The trial isn't over yet, but F. Lee Bailey's forthcoming account of the Hearst courthouse drama has been sold to G. P. Putnam's for "somewhere between $250,000 and $300,000" (for both hard- and soft-cover rights), says a Putnam's executive. Publishing insiders say that the Bailey-Putnam's deal stipulates that Patty Hearst's *own* book will not be offered for another year—to give Bailey's book running room.

N.Y. Volunteers: Fighting Crime

"City warehouses are filled with millions of dollars' worth of stolen goods that can't be traced to their owners," says Ed Schwarzer of the Federation of Citywide Block Associations. Under a program sponsored by the association, that could soon be changed. You can now pay $2 for lifetime membership in the Identifax Nationwide Registry, a company which provides subscribers with tools with which to engrave personalized identification numbers on valuables. Identifax keeps a list of the numbers in a central computer, and if marked goods are stolen and recovered, police anywhere in the country have only to call a toll-free number to trace the owner. Registrants also receive warning stickers for their doors and windows. Both police and federation officials say similar programs throughout the country have lowered burglary rates. "After all, no one wants to steal traceable goods," says Schwarzer. If your block association is interested in the program, call 566-0253 to request brochures and order forms. Individuals who do not belong to block associations should call the Identifax Nationwide Registry at 489-6700.



Identifax: $2 sure thing.

Critical Smash, Hit

New York's going to be famous as the place where actors can read their reviews in the morning papers and hit their critics that night. In a fray reminiscent of the Sylvia Miles–John Simon debacle of two seasons ago, *Yentl* star Tovah Feldshuh descended on columnist Bob Weiner (*SoHo Weekly News*) at an after-theater party last week. It seems that at one time a pair of rubber breasts were cast to cover Ms. Feldshuh's own for a brief scene of seminudity in the Broadway show. Director Bob Kalfin eventually restaged the scene so that the audience sees nothing, and the bogus bosom was retired. Ms. Feldshuh was upset when Weiner insinuated that only "a stagehand or two" get to see her breasts now. "No one ever sees them," the actress maintained as she flailed away with her purse, adding, "they're nice ones."

Bogey on Mother Love

Bogey: Portrait by his mother.

Strange but true: Humphrey Bogart was once a baby. Proof of the late actor's one-time infancy has surfaced in the April *McCall's* (due out next week), which as part of its centennial celebration has reprinted a piece Bogey wrote in 1949 about his mother, Maud Bogart. Bogey recalled: "We were not an affectionate family in the sense that some families are. . . .When I returned from the Navy after World War I, there was no running down the stairs with arms outstretched, no 'My darling son!' Only 'Good job, Humphrey,' or something like that."

Regine: She'll Take Manhattan

Regine's regime: Live models at Bloomie's, a throbbing heart.

Regine—high priestess of Parisian nightlife, doyenne of disco dancing, singer, actress, and mini-conglomerate—has arrived in New York. The red-haired dynamo, already the owner of eight nightclubs worldwide, is going to take a bite out of the Big Apple with her opening of "Regine's" at the Delmonico Hotel. The official gathering of international VRPs (Very Rich Persons) is scheduled for mid-April (with a gala benefit for Sloan-Kettering), but the preopening opening takes place on March 15 at the hotel. The first affair will benefit the Association of American Dance Companies with a *champagne dansant* and benefit Regine with a fashion show introducing her new line of *prêt-à-danser* dresses.

Regine has spared no expense in arranging for New York's glamour comeback. The outfitting costs for the club are reputed to be over a half-million dollars and it looks it; Alberto Pinto's Art Deco master plan is the ultimate narcissist trip. Rooms will be filled with mirrors permitting the glitterati to see the beautiful people and themselves at the same time. There's a sculptured mirror ceiling, a hexagonal dance floor lit with colored lights, and built into the dance floor itself, a heart-shaped neon sculpture by Ron Ferri that Regine dubbed "the Heart of New York." (The heart will vibrate pink and amber light, during slow numbers only.) A Disco Sound sound system, built to her exact specifications at a cost of more than $20,000, will pulsate music hand-picked by two disk jockeys geared to keep the blood percolating and the bodies moving.

Previewers won't get a taste of the official cuisine. Chef Michel Guérard, "Nouvelle Cuisine's" big spoon, doesn't arrive till April, but palates will be soothed by the culinary ministrations of Countess Marina de Brantes, sister-in-law of the president of France.

The dance benefit is sold out, but hoi polloi can catch a glimpse of the latest in Regine dancewear in Bloomingdale's 59th Street window. The afternoon of March 15, live models wearing Regine's "ZOA" collection will dance their way to Manhattan's attention in a one-hour marathon. Spectators can then whirl their way to Bloomie's third floor and dance home with a Regine original for $495 to $700.

Though the new club will be open to the public, Regine is planning to mail letters to some 2,000 of her closest friends offering the opportunity to be on her "preferred" list. Those with enough cash and cachet get a card and the chance to reserve tables in advance and beat the $10-per-head-per-visit cover charge with a $500 to $600 yearly flat fee. Other "preferred" perks are entry to Regine's establishments in Paris, Monte Carlo, Rio, and Bahia, and twice-a-week afternoon dance classes at Regine's New York. Society is said to be glued to the mailbox, lusting after Regine's *cartes de privilège* like locusts in a wheat field. **—Deborah Haber**

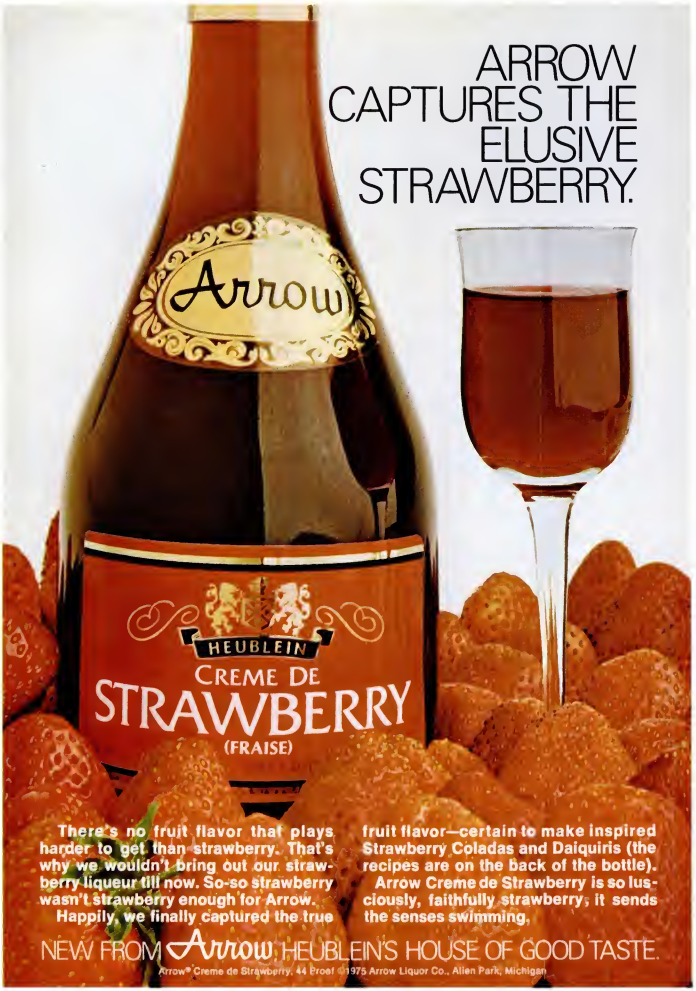
The Winner! NBC News

The Democratic presidential race remains scrambled, but there's a clear early leader in the real competition—the battle among the three TV networks for ratings and prestige. NBC News, it is said, plans to outspend rival CBS by something like $1.2-million to $2.5 million on primary coverage alone. Also, NBC will originate on location from ten states, as opposed to four on-location broadcasts by CBS. The centerpiece of the all-out NBC effort is a $50,000 mobile, red-carpeted studio featuring the "Decision '76" logo. The studio takes two days to set up and two tractor trailers to transport it from state to state. A production number like "Decision '76" requires extra hands, and NBC is hiring up to 25 college students on each location to help out. To top off the theatrical feeling, Henry Mancini has composed special music for the primary-night broadcasts.

CBS has taken the NBC commitment in stride so far. "I think of their set as the Taj Mahal," says Robert Chandler, the CBS News vice-president in charge of primary coverage. Still, CBS may rethink its decision to go into only four states if the races heat up. And what's happening at ABC? Not much. Says one ABC newsman, "This network made its decision in '76 in favor of the Olympic Games."

Why Nixon Hates Ford

It may have sounded like politics when the White House blamed Richard Nixon's China trip for costing Gerald Ford votes in New Hampshire, but it is more like real warfare. One White House representative close to Ford says Ford thinks Nixon set out to "screw" him: "When Nixon didn't get his pension along with his pardon," says the source, "he turned against Ford." The White House judgment: "He's a greedy bastard."


ARROW CAPTURES THE ELUSIVE STRAWBERRY.
Arrow
HEUBLEIN
CREME DE
STRAWBERRY
(FRAISE)
There's no fruit flavor that plays harder to get than strawberry. That's why we wouldn't bring out our strawberry liqueur till now. So-so strawberry wasn't strawberry enough for Arrow.
Happily, we finally captured the true fruit flavor—certain to make inspired Strawberry Coladas and Daiquiris (the recipes are on the back of the bottle).
Arrow Creme de Strawberry is so lusciously, faithfully strawberry, it sends the senses swimming.
NEW FROM Arrow HEUBLEIN'S HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE.
Arrow® Creme de Strawberry, 44 Proof ©1975 Arrow Liquor Co., Allen Park, Michigan

"A man has the right to know what goes into the Scotch he drinks."

–Sir James Buchanan

"At The House of Buchanan, we still believe and blend as my grandfather did.

"It is a family tradition.

"A matter of family pride.

"Pride in the excellence of the blend which bears my grandfather's name and mine, *Buchanan's 12.*

Sir James Buchanan (Lord Woolavington) 1849-1935 Founder of The House of Buchanan

"That is why, unlike any premium blended Scotch whisky ever sold in America, we take pride in naming the principal single malts which, among other exceptional whiskies, go into our blend.

"If you know fine Scotch, you will recognize them all.

"And fully appreciate why the whiskies selected combine to set *Buchanan's 12* apart.

"The selection is choice.

"Limited to 12 'Ideals'.

"Each the product of an old, established and well respected distillery.

"Each and every one, from Balmenach through Teaninich, is a Highland whisky.

"And two, Cragganmore and Dailuaine, are cherished products of the famed Glenlivet region.

"Together they combine to make *Buchanan's 12* the 12-year-old blended Scotch with 'a heart of pure Highland whiskies'.

"For no other single-malts but Highlands are used in *Buchanan's 12.*

"If you choose to sample it, you will find it as it was when it began:

"Subtle.

"Light.

"But with tempered mellowness in both body and bouquet.

"In your country, it is dearly priced.

"And in very limited supply.

"Because we neither can, nor will, mass-produce the Scotch that bears my grandfather's name.

"And mine."

James Buchanan

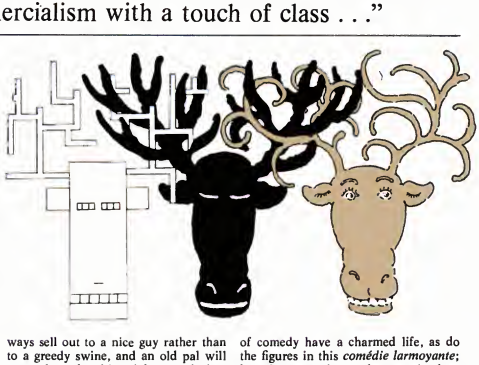
Buchanan's 12. The Blend of Ideals.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof, Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn.

Movies/John Simon

STAGS AT BAY

"... *Vincent*, etc., can best be described as upper-middlebrow soap opera, or commercialism with a touch of class . . ."



Vincent, François, Paul and the Others is an undistinguished film that is nevertheless worth seeing for its performances. It concerns a group of three older men (the ones named in the title) and Jean, the son of a dead fourth, and their friendship that endures through the difficult period of coming-of-middle-age, despite various letdowns and minor mutual betrayals. It is a hymn to the persistence of masculine loyalty while wives and mistresses become adulterous, defect altogether, or remain devoted yet somehow outside the magic circle of male camaraderie. It is not a theme I find particularly appealing, but my real objection is to the basic quality of the screenplay by Jean-Loup Dabadie, who now seems to write every other French script, Claude Néron, who also wrote the underlying novel, and Claude Sautet, who also directed.

The quality of that screenplay can best be described as upper-middlebrow soap opera, or, if you prefer, commercialism with a touch of class. It is, needless to say, not that friendship isn't worth such close scrutiny. Anything that stumped Socrates, who had to conclude the *Lysis* with that exemplary aporia, "We have not as yet been able to discover what we mean by a friend," is surely worthy of speculative investigation. What I do not like about the movie, though, is that the level of writing is fundamentally trivial; that even though women are treated with respect, they are excluded from the inner sanctum of male bonding; and that the filmmakers never take a stand on what seems to be the central issue: is the infantilism that so strongly colors Vincent's personality a worthy manifestation of that "child in man" preconized by Nietzsche, or is it a tragic or, rather, tragicomic flaw? Yet if we allow Socrates to end on a note of dubiety, why castigate Sautet for something similar? Only because, as I see it, he does not think the problem through with the rigor demanded by scrupulous comedy.

For comedy is what the film essentially is. The friend who won't help you financially today, will offer to do so tomorrow; the wife who leaves you now may come back one of these days; when you end up bankrupt, you can always sell out to a nice guy rather than to a greedy swine, and an old pal will come through with a job scarcely less desirable than the business you have lost. The beautiful mistress, less than half your age, who walked out on you, comes back in the end; the boxing career, for which you are not cut out, nevertheless allows you to retire ahead of the game, after a spectacular though only half-deserved technical knockout; the girl you have knocked up stays around faithfully while you decide whether you'll marry her; the heart attack that knocks you over does not prove fatal. Even the wife who whored around to punish you (it seems) for the abandonment of your youthful ideals, ends up happily with one of your dedicated friends; sobered by this, you still have a good chance to start anew, supported by your loving friends. And if you do not manage to finish the great World War II novel you have been fitfully working on for 30 years, at least you thrive as a nonfiction writer and the husband of a model wife.

What I have encapsulated above does not, of course, happen to one man, but is distributed among the four principal characters; still, since the hero of the film is really that male quartet, one is entitled to see these fates as befalling "Man" with a capital M, whom you may or may not judge a capital fool. No doubt the characters of comedy have a charmed life, as do the figures in this *comédie larmoyante*; but they are also to be perceived as at least as laughable as lovable, and not, as here, sentimentalized into endearing big children, sometimes even pathetic sufferers. Certain devices, moreover, are used a trifle too mechanistically for comfort. So, for example, the contrapuntal structure, predictably alternating between cheerful and worrisome episodes; or, again, the incomplete sentences in which Vincent is always speaking, with the three dots of the ellipses palpably hectoring you into filling in the unspoken pregnancies.

Still, there are compensations. There is the cinematography by the admirable Jean Boffety, often taking discreet but not inconsiderable risks in the direction of imaginative stylization—as in the monochromes behind the titles and during a reverie based on black-and-white photographs, or during a particularly painful flashback where Vincent recalls his wife Catherine packing up to leave him even as seductively pretty pastel colors deliberately mock the somber gravity of the incident. There is also the at least intermittently effective direction by Claude Sautet, an action director with misplaced ambitions. The scenes in which there is no pronounced physical activity are directed rather routinely; but let there be even the most mundane intensification in the

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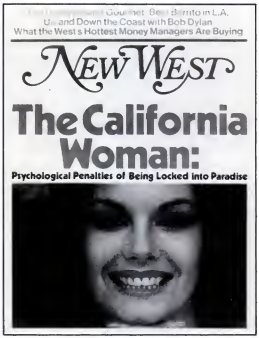

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goings-on, and Sautet's *mise en scène* leaps to life. By far the most noteworthy sequence in the film is the boxing match, which, along with similar sequences in Huston's otherwise unmemorable *Fat City*, constitutes the most honestly, unexaggeratedly gripping representation of prizefights in recent filmmaking.

And, to repeat, there is the acting. Yves Montand is in peak form, allowing rasping uncertainty to break through the suave façade, finding always different and attractive ways of suggesting something more individual than the filmmakers have provided him with, and able to grow strikingly older or younger on camera as the particular scene demands. Michel Piccoli keeps his characteristic edge of sinisterness well in hand, and plays his two major outbursts with flawless finesse. Serge Reggiani, whose batrachian visage always grates on me, is nonetheless on target in the most difficult, because most passive, of the principal roles, and effectively resists the pull of his few big moments toward overplaying. It is interesting to note that all three of these inexhaustibly popular French leading men are Italian by birth or descent, though I am not quite sure what to make of this. Young Gérard Depardieu, in any case, is French through and through, and here continues to demonstrate his easygoing versatility.

Most winning among the women are Stéphane Audran, who has perfected that heavy-lidded, sensual-lipped, all-forgiving look of hers that implies both limitless compassion and heroic refusal to give in to the *lacrimae rerum*; and Marie Dubois, who has a marvelous way of suggesting the lower-class intensities that lurk beneath an upward-mobile complacency. I am less taken with Ludmilla Mikaël, who remains a bit schematic, and Catherine Allégret, who exudes an uncalled-for sluttishness; but it may be that the script is shortchanging them. And I am saddened by Antonella Lualdi, who, unlike other youthful stunners, is middle-aging into bovineness.

Here and there I get a surprising impression of downright carelessness from Sautet. For a man who knows a good deal about music, he allows his composer, Philippe Sarde, to get away with yet another of his pea-soupy piano concertos (what became of the Sarde who once managed the buoyant score for *La Chamade*?); and he permits the costume designer to make every man at Clovis's restaurant-reopening party wear identically blue shirts. (Later on there are scenes with nothing but white shirts.) Yet for all its mediocrity, the film is not boring, and certainly better than Sautet's trashy *The Things of Life*

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"... *Inserts* is indecisive about how serious and even touching it wants to be..."

and *César and Rosalie*, though I cannot comment on his early *Classe tous risques* (1960), often considered his finest contribution, but never seen by me.

There is very much less to be said for **Inserts**, the self-styled "degenerate film with dignity"; not only does it acutely lack dignity, it also fails to deliver much degeneracy by currently accepted community standards. The idea is not without its piquancy: Hollywood has-beens or hopefuls, circa 1930, banding together to make pornographic movies—hence a film about the pioneer days of the porno industry. Though John Byrum, the under-30 cinéaste who here directs for the first time as well as writes the scenario, is known to me only as the author of the dreadful script of Diana Ross's *Mahagony*, he comes up here with the further provocative idea of making a chamber movie with a cast of five, daring by Hollywood standards, even if the film was made in England with Anglo-American technicians and actors.

With this, however, his useful ideas are at an end. His very title does not make sense: "inserts," surely, are pornographic bits inserted into otherwise anodyne pictures, whereas here we have entire stag movies (as they were called in more patriarchal days) being shot by Boy Wonder, a former youthful prodigy of a director, now a youthful failure, who never leaves his Spanish-style house any more, shoots his low-budget flicks in his living room, and cannot even grab a willing wench, only the camera or the bottle. (We watch him consume, without visible intoxication, enough cognac to knock out an army, but this is the film's least inconsistency.) Is it that "inserts" sounds more inside-dopish? Or that some fun can be had from the seemingly innocent Miss Cake's (as well as the audience's) never quite finding out, in good shaggy-dog tradition, what inserts really are? Or does the title appeal to the clearly immature Byrum by its phallic symbolism? However that may be, more than the title of *Inserts* betrays considerable incertitude.

The entire film is indecisive about how serious and even touching it wants to be under its farcical façade; or whether, in fact, it is content to be just funkily absurd. Accordingly, both plot and characterization flounder badly. Boy Wonder goes from a totally pickled and soured, cynically wisecracking failure to an ardent lover with still enough heart to sustain further cracking. Cathy Cake is, on the one hand, a demure girl just out of college and, on the other, the mistress of Big Mac, bootlegger, stag-movie producer, and hatcher of grander, yet more corrupt, schemes. Though she acts totally naïve about inserts, she soon persuades Boy Wonder to let her do one, and takes with remarkable readiness to the work; if the naïveté is fake, why does she foolishly believe the cameras to be rolling when all that is happening is that she and Boy Wonder are rolling in the hay? Is she enjoying this sex, or only faking? And why, in the end, is she again a self-contradictory mixture of sweetness and blight?

Rex, the male stag performer, is a bit too dumb even for a dummy; Big Mac fluctuates too glibly between minor and major criminality. Only Harlene, the ex-silent starlet whose voice, unfit for sound-film consumption, relegated her to pornos, is believable as a fallen angel with a heart as big as the doses of Big H she shoots up on. Or is it just that Veronica Cartwright is so splendidly persuasive in the part? About Boy Wonder we get to know too little: was he that good a director, and, if so, what did him in? What is his relationship with Harlene? Why did he have to become sexually impotent as well? How can he have so much energy left in one direction, and none in all others? Are we meant to sympathize with him when he is bitchy about Hollywood or when he goes soft over Miss Cake? Richard Dreyfuss gets all the humor from the part, but cannot make us care. And with Jessica Harper, a *jolie laide* if ever there was one, it is hard to tell whether her Miss Cake is a terrifying embodiment of ambition without talent, or just Miss Harper baring her ungiftedness along with her breasts. Bob Hoskins and Richard Davies do not begin to humanize Big Mac and Rex, respectively.

There is a tour de force in this California interior so tidily re-created on a London sound stage, an English actor (Hoskins) soundin so convincingly Californian, a cast of five carrying a longish movie. But when you consider how pointless it all is aside from a few passable one-liners, how alienating it is to watch actors straining to be funny without adequate material, how the shoestring budget shows up in things like Denys Coop's feeble photography, you wonder whether this trip was worth taking—whether this tour was worth forcing. ■

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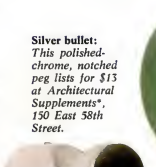

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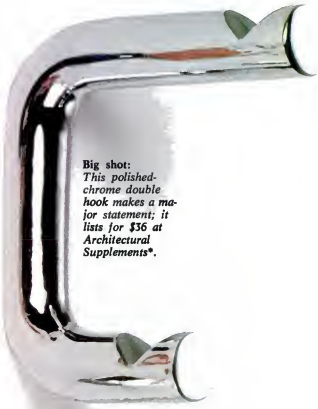

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OF MEN AND OTHER BEASTS

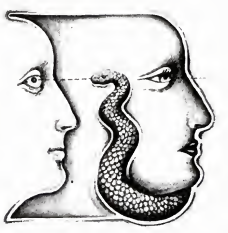
"... Romulus Linney is obviously an important new writer, and that commodity, Lord knows, is currently in short supply..."

If you haven't yet come across the name of Romulus Linney, I think you will soon enough. Linney is a playwright now in his forties, born in Philadelphia, raised in the South, currently living in New York. One of his four full-length plays, *The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks*, had a short run Off Broadway a few years ago. By an interesting coincidence, two other Linney plays were given here in showcase productions late last month. Although both productions have now closed, they are worth writing about because Linney is obviously an important writer, and that commodity, Lord knows, is in short supply in our native theater.

The Sorrows of Frederick, which was produced by The Next Stage and St. Clement's Church, is Linney's best-known work so far, with several productions in this country and abroad. It is an enormous play in several respects. It deals with Frederick the Great of Prussia, not as a figure in your basic historical pageant, but as a brilliant, haunting study of a tortured person who is both master and slave of his own intellect. Frederick, whom we know mostly as a wise flute-playing leader deeply involved, in his isolated Prussian court, in the currents of Enlightment, is in Linney's play a man in several kinds of trap. He is trapped by the conflict between his flights of fancy and his pragmatic court, by his homosexuality against the need of public image-making, and—most of all—by his need to win respect from his idolized Voltaire, who comes to despise Frederick's growing lust for power.

The play is long, even with an hour cut at St. Clement's from the published text. But it moves in a series of tense, gracefully shaped scenes whose quotient of brilliant writing is rather staggering. Linney has accomplished the considerable feat of dealing with majesty and frailty in a manner that neither glorifies nor condescends. The production here, staged by Elinor Renfield and with an incandescent, wonderfully supple performance by Austin Pendleton in the central role, beautifully took the measure of this major play.

Holy Ghosts, which was directed by John Olon-Scrymgeour at the Cubiculo,



is a more recent work, and one whose dimensions are considerably more modest. It is set in a snake-worshipping religious cult in the South, wherein Linney has again zeroed in on a personal torment—that of a man whose wife has left him to join the cult. The play is full of atmosphere, some of which, Linney tells me, is from personal observation, and once again, the flow of language and the rhythm of the play's construction are the work of a superior intellect. The work is somewhat weakened, however, by the pat irony of its denouement (the wife leaves the group, the husband is mesmerized into joining), but as a portrait of a folkway the work is without flaw. This work, too, got a splendid production, and the snakes—and I don't even *want* to know if they were real—scared the hell out of me. If this is the level of work at the Cubiculo, I wish I had the time to visit it more often.

Some of Eugene O'Neill's plays are silly, and more are dull, but **The Hairy Ape** is the only one of his major scripts that actually ranks as detestable. What is O'Neill trying to prove—that happiness is possible even at brute level so long as you don't know you're a brute? That rich is bad and poor is noble? Either sentiment could, after all, be thoroughly explored in three lines of text; O'Neill has gone on somewhat longer. Most incomprehensible of all are those many moments in which his barely human brute goes on for days soliloquizing about his lowly existence; what rich material for parody lurks in these deadly serious pages!

A group called the IRT (Impossible Ragtime Theater) has, however, staged *The Hairy Ape* in a manner whose virtuosity transcends the idiocy of the play by some distance. George Ferencz's direction, following O'Neill's own suggestion, is agreeably, intelligently fantastic; the nasty rich folks on Fifth Avenue are done as strutting, preening ostriches (marvelously costumed); the near-apes in the furnace room come on brawling, grunting, subverbal. The sheer physicality of the production is somewhat fearsome, but it is kept under control.

Inside the Plymouth Theater, the hawkers cry out their "Richard Boiton program book read all about it!" Outside, hordes of groupies make leaving the theater an exercise in broken-field running. **Equus** has assumed the proportion of the Apocalypse, which it in no way is.

Burton came into the show as part of the contract under which he will also make the movie. He came while Anthony Perkins was enjoying the first real stage triumph of his career. Perkins learned he was being replaced by reading it in the newspapers. Ticket prices for Burton's run have been raised, somebody's easy way of measuring the value of talent, or of marital strife, or something.

Equus is built around a sound dramatic premise, but the play is ruined most of all by the character that Burton must play—the psychiatrist who ruefully envies his patient's psychosis as more meaningful than his own colorless life, and preaches endlessly thereon to an audience whom Peter Shaffer ought to trust to work out such simplistic matters for itself. The frigid, oratorical tone that Burton has taken on, beautiful to hear but external to the part, merely adds to the sense of separation between his character and the occasional good in the play. John Dexter's production retains its sense of elegant invention and Keith McDermott, as the boy, is rather good. But the play—like its latest change of cast—remains a non event. ■

Illustrated by Pat Warner

Music

FAITHFUL IN THEIR FASHION

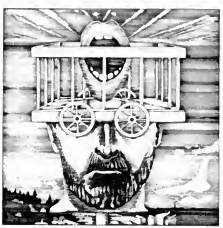
"... The City Opera's *Ulisse* takes us within hailing distance of Baroque style. It is, on the whole, a distinguished job ..."

Three operas by Claudio Monteverdi survive in complete musical editions; at least ten others have been lost, or exist only as fragments. Of the three that exist, one, *L'Orfeo*, is the first operatic masterpiece. It was composed in 1607. The notion of a full-length musical setting of drama had been born in Florence a decade or so earlier, and several works survive from those experimental years. They are historically interesting, but less so musically. *L'Orfeo* represents the first attempt by any composer to make of opera an entertainment as well as a treatise on musical revolution; its musical means are varied; every note is to be treasured.

By 1640 Monteverdi was in Venice, where public opera houses were filled with patrons of the new art, enthusiasts for great singing, attractive drama, and scenic effects. The other surviving operas of Monteverdi were written for Venice: *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria* in 1641 and *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* in 1642. All three works have been revived by the New York City Opera, although *L'Orfeo*, done in 1960, was chopped back to less than half its length and used as a curtain raiser.

Now the City Opera has added **Ulisse** to its repertory, and given the work the most respectful and honorable production of the three. The production—up from Washington, in the staging by Ian Strasfogel—avoids the lurid tastelessness of the *Poppea*. Without condescension to dry historical considerations, it takes its audience within hailing distance of the look of Baroque opera. It is, on the whole, a distinguished job.

Ulisse is not, however, the masterpiece that *Poppea* is—*Poppea*, with its astonishing regard for human emotion, and with the composer's extraordinary insight for translating the most inward thought into harmonies that confound and compliment the ear. As befits its subject matter—the story of Ulysses' return to Ithaca and his reunion with the faithful Penelope—the music is somewhat static. As in *Poppea*, the libretto introduces minor characters for comic relief: two dallying servants in Penelope's retinue, and a drunken slob among her suitors. But they cannot



blend with the onward movement of the story, as they do in *Poppea*, and their music is jarring. In the City Opera production, much of this lighter music is cut. But even in the nobler music—for Ulysses, Penelope, and the intervening gods—one waits a long time for the passion that shot its deep glow through *Poppea*. It does come—in Penelope's first lament, with its thrice-repeated refrain that employs the same heartrending cadence that Monteverdi had used so poignantly in Arianna's "Lasciatemi morire," and in the gloriously loving music that surges out of Ulysses' reunion with his son, Telemachus—but there are long stretches in between that are, simply, long stretches.

Raymond Leppard's edition will not please everyone. Bear in mind that all of Monteverdi's operas, which exist in the original only as two staves of music, one with the vocal line and one with the supporting bass, must be edited for any kind of performance. Of the extant realizations, that by Nikolaus Harnoncourt (recorded on Telefunken SKB T23) is closest to Monteverdi's actual lines, but extremely free in the choice of instruments. Leppard's version, more modestly orchestrated, adds quite a lot of freely invented counterpoint, passages for strings that enrich but sometimes thicken the harmony in the direction of a more "modern" sentimentality. His excesses are numerous, possibly out of a desire to move some of the motionless music along. Fortunately, Mario Bernardi's conducting, which is very clean and honest, avoids the temptation to milk the music even further. I will accept Leppard only because the production is staged and executed so honestly, but would rather live with the Harnoncourt.

The production's greatest triumph is in its singing, and most of all in the wonderfully stylish, vocally heartbreaking Penelope of Frederica von Stade, who with this performance takes her place as the sovereign American singer of this decade. What an astounding lady she is—with her vibrant, supple, radiantly beautiful voice governed by sublime intelligence and taste. For such a singer, there are no horizons. Richard Stilwell's Ulysses is also quite fine, and good, stylish work is to be noted from Hilda Harris, the Minerva, and Henry Price, the Telemachus.

Strasfogel's staging is, as noted, intelligent and attractive, although there is an occasional clash between Baroque stylization (the descending chariots for the gods) and modern flummery (projected, moving clouds, some of which look oddly like feet). Douglas Schmidt's scenery is tasteful and (after the mess in *Poppea*) agreeably sparse; Jane Greenwood's costumes are colorful all-purpose classic.

While two productions of **I Puritani** on the same piece of real estate are one, and perhaps two, too many, the Met's new production is rather beautiful on its own, thanks to the blending of Ming Cho Lee's simple sets, Peter J. Hall's sumptuous costumes, and Sandro Sequi's staging into a virtual art gallery of High Renaissance masterworks. As in paintings, there is no movement in Bellini's opera, and a long evening spent with this work is like visiting a graveyard for failed melodic impulses.

Yet, Joan Sutherland sings very well —utterly without passion, and almost without consonants, but with grace and shading superior to some of her recent work. Luciano Pavarotti is stupendous, and Sherrill Milnes is fine, if a little short on suavity. Richard Bonynge's conducting rips and snorts, and he has opened cuts with sadistic glee. But you'll never see Sutherland look so good on a stage. **—Alan Rich**

Illustrated by Paul Spina

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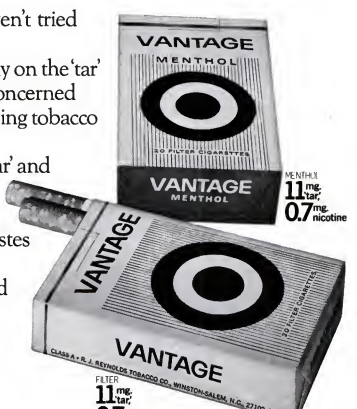

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Art/Thomas B. Hess

MOMA AND THE TOWERING LIMBO

"...Only a pessimist could fantasize about the tower standing unfinished, a monument to the seduction of Art by Realty..."

Shoals of little shark's grins was the initial observation on my scientific —i.e., totally random—poll of the Greater New York art community's reaction to the Museum of Modern Art's latest expansion program.

"What do you think of the MOMA tower?" I asked two museum directors, three dealers, one shrink, four critics, five artists, a visiting butter-and-egg woman, and about a dozen other fellow sinners. "What do you think about MOMA's plan to double its gallery space by deeding its air rights to a corporation that will fill some of the air above the building with 40 stories of luxury condominium apartments?"

The primary response was a sly smile. "I think it's *nice*," said one. "Most appropriate," chimed another. "Perfect" . . ."Riveting". . ."How delightful!" All spoke with that cloying expression Germans call *Schadenfreude*—glee at someone else's troubles. It was saddening to realize that MOMA has accumulated such abundant reserves of free-floating hostility because, after all, to my whole generation the Museum of Modern Art was the true university, the place where we first studied Picasso and Matisse. Alfred Barr, its founding director, was our conscience and best professor. The museum was the guardian of warm memories and strong loyalties. What happened to it? Has it changed, and does the proposed tower articulate the transformation? Or is it merely the diurnal crisis, another Perils of Pauline episode more melodramatic than ever before, but with a heart-warming finale just around the razor's edge?

To recap old data: since 1969 the museum has been forced to take more than $1 million a year from its endowment to cover its operating losses—a deficit that, if you believe some top executives, sneaked up on them, all unawares, in the late and palmy 1960s.

Friends and trustees of the Modern can't (viz., won't) accept responsibility for such continuing losses. The traditional tab-picker-upper on 53rd Street is the Rockefeller family, which helped launch the enterprise, and, after almost 50 years of multimillion-dollar generosity, is phasing out. Its third generation ("the cousins") is not as interested in art as were its fathers ("the brothers," especially Nelson, David, and John D. III through his wife, Blanchette, present president of the museum). Unsurprisingly, no surrogate Rockefellers have turned up. Nor is the institution's endowment big enough to make ends meet. And it's a common, if perhaps unjustifiable, complaint from the staff that the wizards of the finance committee have masterminded MOMA's portfolio of securities from a market value of $27.1 million in 1969 to $21 million in 1972 to $16.1 million in 1975.

Ergo, the trustees must find more money to stay in business; otherwise, in about ten years they will have to shut down all activities beyond showing and conserving the collections.

If hard-headed businessmen haven't done too well speculating with MOMA's money, MOMA's curators have—and spectacularly. Alfred Barr, Dorothy Miller, James Soby, William Lieberman, and, later, William Rubin, have parlayed tens of thousands into tens of millions of dollars in the software currency of paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings. It's one of the more ironic success stories of the mid-century. The irony, of course, is that these plentiful assets are frozen—locked in museum ethics and aesthetics as tightly as a mastodon in a glacier.

The icy simile is apt; journalistic protocol requires that MOMA's collections always be referred to as an "iceberg" whose "tip" is the fraction that can be shown at any given time. Doubling the galleries by building the tower wing should also double the "tip space." However it seems that the "tip" threatens to treble. Trustees and friends, swayed by sage MOMA advisers, over the years have pledged cellarsful of Cubism, silos of Surrealism, acres of abstractions. And as the museum approaches the summer of 1979, its fiftieth anniversary, many of the bequests are falling due. Curators at MOMA look grave as they tell you how they are bracing themselves against the imminent influx of masterpieces. And from the muscle tics in their jaws, you can't tell whether they're bragging or complaining.

Faced with such dilemmas and contradictions, the museum's trustees took inventory of their hearts and minds and refound the "sleeping" asset of air

Costly cutout: The Swimming Pool, *Matisse's design for a wall ceramic, has been bought by the Modern for about $1 million. Above is a detail from the 53-foot paper mural.*

rights worth, it's said, at least $7 million. The rights derive from the generous original plan that ordained a spacious sculpture garden, which, in turn, permits the extrapolation of a space envelope with enough room for a 40-story tower. In the late 1960s, there was a suggestion to put up an office building. The plan was dropped as unprofitable. Now, stimulated by news of the success of Olympic Tower (the Onassis-backed condominium kitty-cornered from MOMA's site), the concept has been revamped for profitable, domestic posh.

The trustees want to set up a tax-free Trust for Cultural Resources (acronymically TRUCKLER), which, when enabling legislation is passed in Albany, will receive the air rights and get a developer to build the museum's new wing (for $17 million; MOMA plans to raise about $20 million for construction, endowment, reserves, etc.) and the tower (for $23 million). Then the developer will sell the condominiums, and the museum will receive whatever income accrues later (i.e., the real-estate tax equivalents on the apartments, which would amount to about $350,000 a year). Also, TRUCKLER will be a corporate fire door between $40 million in real-estate paper and the museum's own tangible assets. In other words, should things go bust, creditors couldn't invade MOMA's collections or endowment. They'd have to eke what they could out of TRUCKLER.

Urban planners from Mayor Lindsay's old best-and-brightest team are advising, expediting, and adding an air of gung-ho savvy to the project. It's almost impossible to think of a dirty word like "default" when faced by their blue-eyed optimism. And to heighten a sensation of confidence, the developers of Olympic Tower are on hand. Only a dreary pessimist like this writer could entertain fantasies about the tower being started, then comes a financial crash, plus inflation; the money will run out; and the structure will stand forever unfinished, like Gaudí's Cathedral of the Holy Family in Barcelona—vast, hollow, vertical spaces, swept by winds, haunted by pigeons, a monument to the seduction of Art by Realty.

How, you wonder, was the decision to go for a tower reached? Because, in spite of all the fine speeches and expertise, it's going to be a tough job. From the start, the trustees were confronted by a number of possibilities that are almost philosophical in their dialectical implications (museums as institutions are so pragmatic, so mired in possessions, that they're not amenable to pure philosophic analyses, thank the Lord). One of the more pressing decisions concerned programs: should the Modern stay "modern," with exhibitions and explorations? Or should it encapsulate, become a New York Jeu de Paume, a display case for the world's best collection of art from, say 1870 to 1970. The Jeu de Paume in Paris is where the Reunion of French National Museums shows Impressionists and Post-Impressionists—Manet to van Gogh, with Monet's *Waterlilies* cycle included. It's a beautiful museum, highly successful in its scholarly, didactic, and box-office activities. MOMA's staff and trustees, faced with the paradoxes inherent in an open-ended collection, could have exercised such an option. Especially as MOMA's current anemic loan-exhibitions program is hardly worth defending; it has recently shown Beaux-Arts (nineteenth-century Academic) architecture, and coming up are Fauves (1905) and Cézanne. Such cautious revivalism is hardly a cause for which to sell air rights and undertake perilous refinancing.

The trustees evidently feel that a more creative, radical program of exhibitions and publications, in keeping with the museum's noble tradition, should be reconstituted. Otherwise the institution will shrivel spiritually and its 50 years of important work will be wasted. "Modern art" can only stay "modern" in confrontations with work being done at the moment. Isolated from contemporaneity, even the recent past assumes the perspectives and cool temperatures of history; a "modern museum" turns into a celestial Frigidaire.

A second quasiphilosophical option concerned either adjusting to the socialist evolutions of the future or digging into the capitalist conditions that prevail. As could be expected from its Rockefeller education, MOMA chose the latter. Which should not disguise the fact that in every civilized country in the world except the United States, major museums are supported and controlled by the government. And that in the United States, federal, state, county, and municipal funds annually assume larger and larger shares of museum operating and program expenses. (Dollars for acquisitions still come from private sources, even at the National Gallery.) An upstate museum director says that ten years ago his institution was supported almost entirely by donations from wealthy patrons; today, 75 percent of his budget is met by public revenues. Twenty-five years from now, I would guess, almost all American museums, like their counterparts in France, England, and Switzerland, will be hooked into some form of state funding and, of course, supervision. Instead of hastening the transition, seizing the day in fine Mao fashion, MOMA has opted for the most capitalistic of all possible solutions, luxury apartments.

It's a Medicean concept. And, of course, the Medicis were the best of all patrons of modern art—just as the state has been the worst. Nor is the scheme as farfetched as it might seem. There's an honorable tradition of tax-free landlords in New York: the Guggenheim Museum used to own the apartment building north of its site on Fifth Avenue; Columbia and NYU run tenements and palaces. Nor should eyebrows rise too high at the billeting of superchic, shiny-rich roomers in the headquarters of art forms that, for a century, have been radical, revolutionary, and often violently antibourgeois. Museums always dampen any political spark that still might glow in their exhibits—with velvet cordage, sleek varnish, gilt frames. We're used to the procedure. And the prospect of the MOMA tower's Texans and Iranians, glittering with cabochons, traipsing across one of the scruffier PASTA-MOMA picket lines or getting tangled with a coq-au-vin Happening by Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks, is cheerful. It makes you look forward to Labor Day, 1980.

Meanwhile, a feeling of unreality and of sadness persists about the Museum of Modern Art. And not just because of the tower. Recently it bought Matisse's great, late, paper cutout, *The Swimming Pool*, 1952 (a 53-foot-long design for a wall ceramic); the price is rumored at about $1 million. It's supposed to be the backup showstopper if Spain ever becomes a democracy and Picasso's *Guernica*, at the artist's behest, returns to his native country. To raise money for the Matisse, the museum is going through its ritual convolutions, including selling some pictures, among them a lesser Matisse as well as a major Jackson Pollock, *Number 5*, 1950.

The museum can claim with justification that it owns similar and better Pollocks. Still, there's something that doesn't sit too well about the whole metabolic process—the M.I.P.O., you might say: "Matisse in, Pollock out." There's something ominous about the circulation of taste, about the drive to the established, accepted master, to a dogma for qualitative norms. Why not ignore risky, unsettled, uncertain reputations altogether and concentrate on the greats? And while assiduously gearing up the collections to higher and higher standards, won't that adjective *modern* begin to sound a bit flimsy, and won't it look, well, you know, tacky, out of place, especially when spelled out in spun bronze on the svelte flanks of a luxury condominium tower?

The Urban Strategist/Nancy Lyon and Bill Ochs

ST. PATRICK'S DAYS AND NIGHTS

"...At Irish-music sessions, the players get more and more awake as the evening rolls on, ripping through one reel after another..."

For years Irish music was identified with sentimental songs like "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral" and "Mother Machree" and that old war-horse "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," which were not Irish at all, but creations of the American music industry. An antidote to these melodies was provided by the boisterous ballads of the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem during the early sixties' folk revival. These *were* Irish songs, and while not traditionally rendered, they generated a surge of interest in Irish music among many young Irish Americans who had been turned off by the maudlin old standbys.

But the *traditional* music played by Irish country people in their homes was largely unknown to the American public (except, of course, for "The Irish Washerwoman," which was played so frequently that most people referred to it as "The Irish Jig," and came to regard it as the sum total of Irish dance music). In reality, there are probably thousands of Irish jigs, not to mention reels, hornpipes, slides, slow airs, set tunes, long dances, flings, planxties, marches, and even mazurkas.

These days, the general public is finally getting a taste of this extraordinarily rich music through The Chieftains, the seven-man group that sold out Avery Fisher Hall last November, that had twelve minutes of music in Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, and whose latest album (released on the American rock-oriented Island Records label) has found its way onto AM radio and into Sam Goody's window. What people are hearing from The Chieftains is a variety of colorful rhythms played on the fiddle, the rich, warm-toned ebony concert flute, the *bodhran* (a primitive goatskin-frame drum), bones (ribs of pig or sheep, played like castanets for a cracking rhythmic accompaniment), the tin whistle (an incredibly versatile little end-blown flute), the concertina (a sweet-toned squeeze box), *uilleann* pipes (a wild, nasal bagpipe quieter than its parade-ground cousin), and the small Irish harp.

This music has been played in this city since the first large wave of Irish immigrants arrived, and in fact, there are more traditional Irish musicians in

New York than in many parts of Ireland. Traditional musical activities and special events go on year-round, and this weekend (March 19–21) may be one of the best of the year, with a sensory overload of high-powered concerts on Friday and Saturday nights and an all-day music competition on Sunday. (See special events below for details.) What follows is a year-round guide to traditional Irish music in the New York area.

Year-Round Events

An Irish session (or *seisium*) is simply an informal gathering of traditional musicians to "play tunes." At a good session, the performers get more and more awake as the evening rolls on, and by and by the room is packed with players ripping through one thrilling reel after another. Though every session is different, and some are more likely than others, you can always count on the musicians to be informal, spontaneous, and receptive to appreciative listeners. There is Irish dancing and singing at many of the sessions, but it is the instrumental music that predominates, with fiddles, tin whistles, accordions, and occasionally, *uilleann* pipes, Irish flutes, Irish harps, *bodhran*, and bones.

The **Irish Arts Center** (553 West 51st Street, 757-3318) is a three-story building converted from a greasy West Side garage (in which, it is said, limos were bulletproofed for South American heads of state) into a theater, classroom space, library, and office by the members of An Claidheamh Soluis (On Clive Sulish), the organization whose home it is. The free Monday-night *seisiuns* here (preceded by informal play-readings downstairs in the theater around 7 P.M.) start around 8:30 in an upstairs room decorated with photographs and posters of musicians and Celtic art, and a life-size mural of Cuchulainn, the superhero of Celtic mythology. Spontaneous poetry readings are encouraged here, as are dancing and singing, and people just learning Irish music are often encouraged to play.

The American Irish Cultural Project, an organization about a year old, has free sessions every Monday night in a back room of the Eagle Tavern (Ninth Avenue at 14th Street), starting around 9:30 P.M. and going until around 2:30 A.M. These sessions, with lots of ballad-singing and Irish music played on banjos, mandolins, guitars, fiddles, and concertinas, attract a mostly young crowd of musicians. Also, on the first Thursday of each month, at 9 P.M., the project has a session out in Brooklyn at the Chelsea Station Bar, 95-10 Third Avenue, Bay Ridge (take the RR train to the last stop, 95th Street and Fourth Avenue, and walk one block).

Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann (CCE for short) is a Dublin-based organization, with branches throughout Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, and America, whose aim is to promote Irish traditional music. The organization began its work in the 1950s with the first *Fleadh Cheoil na hEireann* ("Music Festival of Ireland"), and four years ago began sending a group of some of the best Irish musicians on annual concert tours of the United States. There are four branches of CCE in the New York area, and each holds sessions once a month on Sunday afternoons. The musicians often range in age literally from 8 to over 80, from young learners to old-timers with memories of such musicians as Coleman, Morrison, Touhey, et al. The accordion and the fiddle are the instruments most frequently played at these sessions, and musicians here tend to favor the driving reel over other rhythms. Admission

Illustrated by John O'Leary

is $1, and visitors are always welcome.

On the first Sunday of each month, the *Paddy Killoran Branch* meets from 3 to 7 P.M. at the Breffni Inn on the north side of 40th Street in Queens, just off Queens Boulevard. The *Patsy Touhey Branch* meets every second Sunday from 4 to 7 P.M. at the Glen Bar on Flatlands Avenue at 38th Street, Brooklyn. On every fourth Sunday, the *Michael Coleman Branch* meets from 7 P.M. on at the American Legion Post #774 on Corlear Avenue off 231st Street west of Broadway in upper Manhattan. (The building itself is next to Sloan's supermarket's parking lot and looks deceptively like a private house.) On the last Sunday of the month (the fourth or fifth Sunday, depending on the month), the *Louis E. Quinn Branch* meets from 6 to 10 P.M. at the Irish American Center, 297 Willis Avenue, Mineola, Long Island.

The **Traditional Musicians Association** also runs Sunday-afternoon sessions. The organization was founded eleven years ago to promote Irish music and culture in the United States, and has recorded an album of traditional music, *Ireland in America*, on Avoca Records. Like Comhaltas, these sessions have a strong following of Irish immigrants and their immediate families, and are attended by fiddlers and accordion players. The requested donation is $1, and visitors are always welcome.

On first Sundays, sessions take place at the *Tom Morrison Club*, Cummins Hall, 45th Street and Avenue D, Brooklyn, 5 to 9 P.M.; third Sundays: *Tommy Glynn Club*, "St. Al's" Church, 2 Breuer Avenue, Great Neck, Long Island; fourth Sundays: *John Glynn Club*, Breffni Inn, 40th Street, Queens, just north of Queens Boulevard, 4 to 8 P.M. This session is set up so that younger musicians can learn from older, more experienced ones.

Most Irish bars do not feature traditional music—yet. A notable exception is the **Bunratty Pub** at 4 West Kingsbridge Road in the Bronx, just off Jerome Avenue (364-9069). Three of the finest Irish fiddlers anywhere—Johnny Cronin, Andy McGann, and Paddy Reynolds—play here on various weekends. The Bunratty is a small neighborhood bar with lots of animation, smoke, and noise, especially on Friday and Saturday nights—it's slightly more subdued on Sunday evening, as the weekend winds down.

Dances and Festivals

In Ireland people used to gather at crossroads to dance together in the open air. Today such dances, or *ceilis* (pronounced *kay-lees*), are often held in church or school halls, but many of the tunes and dances are the same as in the old days. The music is live and played on a variety of instruments as at a session, and nondancers and beginners are always welcome. *Ceili* dances are group events comparable to square dances, and are great opportunities to hear traditional music and to meet other people who appreciate it.

The **Comhairele na Cumann Gaelige** (Council of Gaelic Societies, 201 573-0595) has run *ceilis* for the last 35 years, and sponsors three a month, in New Jersey, the Bronx, and Queens. The donation is $2.50 for adults, $1 for students. On the second Saturday of each month, one Council branch has a *ceili* at St. Mary's Church, on the corner of High and West streets in Closter, New Jersey, from 8 P.M. to midnight (instruction for beginners is given between 7:30 and 8). Another branch of the CGS sponsors a *ceili* every third Saturday from 9 P.M. to 1 A.M. at the Westchester–Bronx "Y", 2244 Westchester Avenue in the Bronx. (To get there by subway take the Pelham Bay Line to Castle Hill Avenue and walk north under the El for half a block.) The Rockaway branch of CGS holds its *ceili* the fourth Saturday of each month at 9 P.M. at St. Francis de Sales Hall (219 Beach 129th Street).

In Manhattan, the **Irish Art Center's** *ceili* is on the fourth Saturday of each month, one block away from the center at Campbell Hall of Sacred Heart Church (457 West 51st Street) from 8 to 11 P.M. (donation, $1.50). At this *ceili*, beginners are guided through many of the dances. In addition to its various music classes, the Irish Arts Center also holds classes in *ceili* dancing for adults, and it provides special classes for children on Saturday morning.

Once the weather gets warm, *feiseanna* (*fesh-anna*, plural of *feis*, "festival") are held practically every weekend in the spring, in pleasant outdoor surroundings. Most of them are centered around competitions for young musicians and dancers, but the best ones become like great field days, where the competitions are secondary to relaxing and picnicking, old friends meeting, and impromptu sessions springing up underneath the trees. The oldest and most colorful *feis* in New York is that run by the **United Irish Counties Association**, founded in 1904. This year's will be held Sunday, June 13, at St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers, and special shuttle buses will run all day from the Bedford Park station of the Lexington Avenue IRT. For listings of other *feiseanna*, consult Irish newspapers such as *Irish Echo*, the *Irish Advocate*, and the *Irish World*.

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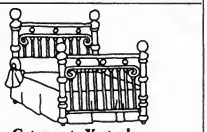

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Special Events and Concerts

By a strange coincidence a lot of events have piled up right after St. Patrick's Day, on the weekend of March 19–21, creating an Irish music marathon. Here are three of the most attractive happenings.

Friday, March 19: At 8 P.M., the Boys of the Lough will perform at Columbia University's McMillin Theater (Broadway at 116th Street), sponsored by the Pinewoods Folk Music Club (admission, $4). This four-man group sings and plays traditional Irish (as well as some Scottish and English) music on fiddle, Irish flute, tin whistle, concertina, *bodhran*, and tenor banjo. The foursome's lively wit and music has been enjoyed for years in colleges and at folk festivals throughout the U.S., Canada, and Europe.

Saturday, March 20: There will be a concert of All-Ireland musicians and dancers at 8 P.M. at Our Lady of Perpetual Help Auditorium (59th Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues in Brooklyn). Sponsored by Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann (admission $5), this will be the only New York engagement for seventeen exciting artists who have been flown over for a spring concert tour. Proceeds will go to help build Culturlann na hEireann, a permanent home for Comhaltas in Ireland.

Sunday, March 21: From 9 A.M. and on into the evening, the New York Regional *Fleadh Cheoil* will take place at Manhattan College (242nd Street and Broadway, sponsored by Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann (admission, $3). This event qualifies competitors for the All-Ireland competition, held the last weekend in August in Buncrana, County Donegal, and attended by tourists from all over the world. Musicians from the touring concert group will be adjudicating, and good music sessions will probably get going in the latter part of the day.

Thursday, April 22: The Chieftains will be at Carnegie Hall, at 8 P.M.

If after all this you would like to hear some new tunes at home, you might want to visit an Irish import store that stocks dozens of recordings of traditional Irish fiddlers, flute players, accordionists, *uilleann* pipers, and tin whistlers. In Manhattan, try **Mattie Haskins** (205 East 75th Street, BU 8-3918), **Jeannie Campbell Irish Products** (5008 Broadway between 212th and 213th streets, 567-5169), and Campbell's neighbor, **Tara Irish Gift Shop** (609 West 207th Street near Broadway, LO 9-8644). In Queens, **Eddie Gibbons Irish Imports** (73-04 Roosevelt Avenue, 899-9399) stocks Irish newspapers and a good selection of Irish recordings. ■

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY EVELYN KANTER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Copperware—The sample line (one of each) of a leading manufacturer is at virtual wholesale, while supply lasts: tin-lined gourmet cookware, including saucepans, stockpots, and frying pans, regular retail $20–$50, here $11.75–$28.75; teakettles, some with Delft-style porcelain handles, $20–$40, here $10.75–$22.75; pitchers and planters, $10–$95, here $5.50–$62.50; plus serving pieces, molds, and more at similar discounts. *The Home Base, 2335 Broadway near 85th St. (724-5959).*

Bejeweled—This designer-manufacturer sells to department stores and leading jewelry chains, and is selling overstocked 14-karat-gold rings at half the regular retail price. Examples: synthetic star sapphire surrounded by small diamonds, here $80–$195; opals with rubies or diamonds, $65–$350; white-gold bridal sets, some with diamonds on wedding band, some in untraditionally modern designs, here $73–$200; mabé pearl in textured-gold setting, here $120 and up; plus diamond pendants (without chain), $100–$250; and more. *Mademoiselle Jewelry, 915 Broadway at 21st St., eighteenth floor (674-4300). By appointment only.*

Down at the Heels—First-quality discontinued styles and slight seconds (leather scars, crooked stitching) of Kalsø Earth Shoes are price-reduced at these outlet stores: lace-up oxford, regularly $35, here $24.90; laminated wood sandal, $23.50 if perfect, here $17; moccasin-toe and slip-on styles, regularly $38.50, here $26.90; ankle boot, was $39.50, here $19.90. *Earth Shoe Outlets at 91-41 Queens Blvd., Elmhurst (426-9191), and 1201 Kings Highway near East 12th St., Brooklyn (998-7413).*

Doubleheader—Although this is a men's store, many of these hat styles can double for women. Examples: wool berets and visored caps, elsewhere $6–$8, here $3.90–$4.90; fedoras in wool felt, corduroy, some with metal trim, elsewhere to $15, here $7.90; corduroy safari hats, regularly $7.90, now $4.90; "Mallory" and "Sovereign" hats by Stetson at discount. Plus name-brand dress shirts closeout-priced at $5.90; and leather belts, $2.90. *Waterproof Hat Store, 130 West 23rd St. (929-7939).*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Evelyn Kanter, c/o New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Sew What's New—The main business here is fabric export, and retail cuts are at substantial savings: polyester gabardine solids, 60" wide, elsewhere $3.98 per yd., here $1.98; 45"-wide solid corduroy, elsewhere $1.97, here 79 cents; Qiana prints, 54"–60", elsewhere $3.98–$5.90, here $1.79; denims, elsewhere $1.79–$2.50, here 98 cents; and more. *Resnick Textiles, 360 Broadway near Canal St. (431-8468).*

Sportswear—Brand names for men (downstairs) and women (upstairs) include (for men) Lee cotton-sateen jean suits, $42 uptown, here $30; Italian and French designer dress and sport shirts, elsewhere $20–$36, here $13.50–$18; turtlenecks, printed pullovers, and Italian knits, elsewhere $20–$40, here $11–$20; polyester slacks, elsewhere $20–$35, here $15–$20.

For women, Rose Marie Reid bathing suits and cover-ups, manufacturer-priced at $16–$28, here 25 percent off; wool and acrylic Italian knit dresses and skirt-and-sweater sets, $70–$110 in season, here $20; polyester and Qiana shirts, including Kenneth Jay Lane and Givenchy, elsewhere $14–$36, here $10–$18; Leda from Spain suede and leather coats, regularly $200–$275, here $130; Act III separates, 25 percent off. *Howron Sportswear, 295 Grand St. (226-4384). Closed Sat., open Sun.*

Consumer Aware

Fair Trade—These laws have hung around since the Depression, when they were enacted to protect small businesses from price-slashing biggies. But the regulations, in effect, allowed manufacturers to fix prices legally, and in recent years have cost us an estimated $2.1 billion a year on cosmetics, furniture, jewelry, appliances, drugs, and clothes.

Now, Congress has repealed Fair Trade, effective March 11. But it won't really right the wrongs; prices of formerly Fair-Traded items in states where the laws already had been repealed (New York and Connecticut, among others, last year) did not tumble nearly as much as opponents of Fair Trade had hoped. What is now illegal can still be done by recommendation or suggestion (the manufacturer's "suggested" price, manufacturer-printed price tags, etc.). And when a manufacturer advertises product and price on TV, that (to me, at least) is price-fixing, legal or not.

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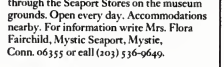

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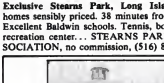

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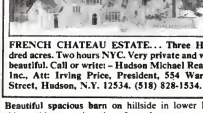

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 246

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. "Get in the car, the boss wants to see you."

2. "What is so funny about a woman wanting the same respect, the same salary, as a man—*listen* to me, I'm *talking* to you."

3. ". . . Lest we alarm these once-hostile creatures, our crew withdraws quietly; we will film no more today—the monkeys seem tired, and besides, we're losing the light."

Above, the results of television channel-hopping: 1. Crime Drama. 2. Sit-Com à la Lear. 3. Wildlife Documentary. Competitors are invited to select one popular category of TV program and invent for same a flavorful but brief random extract.

Results of Competition 243, in which you were asked to compose a one-sentence murder mystery, novel of manners, spy thriller, Gothic or sci-fi tale, biography, etc.

Report: Favored topics included: transsexuality, abduction by space critters, the Eyress, time machines, cryogenics, murder at the manor, end of the world/universe, Nixon memorabilia, 007, Holmes & Watson, war and cease-fire. We could have used more room. Thanks to all, happy Easter, and don't be fooled by imitations.

First Prize of "Moments Without Proper Names," by Gordon Parks (Viking) to:

Is he one of ours or one of theirs, this toad-eyed, unsmiling Herr Glöckler, who got me seated on the Zagreb flight beside cynical, available Nadia the *Zeitung* stringer, and who led me to the brasserie in Zurich where vulpine, dyspeptic Kulyagin nearly offed me before I recovered the microdot: ours or theirs, I wonder, as I shoot him in the stomach—but it doesn't matter. . . .

Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

Roosevelt in his shirtsleeves, laughing out loud at my Ickes impression; Ike angling away on my private pond . . . surely nothing could have been further from my thoughts as the midwife upended me and I squalled a lusty-lunged greeting at the lamplit laborer I would learn to call dad, a man destined never to relax in the rarefied air of Bel Air, of Belgravia—let alone the rough-and-tumble world of network TV comedy.

Fritz Steinegger, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Solving the apparent suicide required entrance as an earl into British society, forsaking the double-agent assignment in the CIA, which finally exorcised the demon battling for control of his body, the abandoned spaceship circulating forever in the time warp, thus adding significant details to this account of John Anderson's life which may be called murder mystery, novel of manners, spy thriller, Gothic or science-fiction tale, biography, or what you will.

Michael Schreiber, Bklyn.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

My father danced the Paddington frisk ere I was born; had she not pleaded her belly, my mother would have joined him in that grisly dance and I would ne'er have seen the light of dusky day filtered through the crevices of Newgate Gaol, whence I received my introduction to a world of knaves and felons and my name, Gallows O'Farrell, which was the start of my undoing.

Robert McHaffey, NYC

The universe began when man learned to reason; the universe ended when man failed to communicate; and in between there was Lilo: half-Martian, half-goddess.

David McDonough, East Hampton, N.Y.

Little did I realize when Smoky Eyes ankled her shapely self into my cluttered office seeking my services on that sultry (and hungover) September morning that the next week would find me being bushwhacked comatose eleven times while scurrying a gamut from the squalor of L.A.'s skid row to the squareness of Pasadena's *haut monde* before finally discerning that it had been she who had scragged her missing elderly, but very wealthy, spouse.

J. M. Riordan, Laguna Beach, Calif.
sp. mention: David L. Becker, New Haven, Conn.

And Honorable Mention to:

It's crazy, I suppose—but I can't help wondering if I'd have married four of the world's greatest lovers, become the toast of Rumania at seventeen and a drug-riddled derelict at 22, or lost the most famous child-custody case of the century if the man sitting next to me on the Pullman out of Chicago on that grim August afternoon in 1937 hadn't been Howard.

Lewy Olfson, South Lyme, Conn.

As I departed from Gweneth's newly acquired Mercedes I stood in the chilly morning sun of Kensington and looked up to investigate what matter of life was dripping onto my face—an icicle, *an icicle*—Smedley was stabbed with an icicle; that explains the varied circumferences of puncture wounds from flesh to ventricle, *and* why a puddle but no weapon was found, *and* the poor bloke's frostbitten nipple—and what about Gweneth's perpetually gloved hand?

Charles Almon, Bklyn.

Ever since the accident, I'm told, that gave me amnesia, my search, I think, for who knows what has led to nobody existing on my memory, nor to any place evoking a sense of déjà vu (a phrase someone used), nor, for that matter, to any recovery that would have enabled me to flesh out this work with specifics with which it is perhaps just as well that I did not bore you.

Jack Paul, Bklyn.

Shelby tried to smile as her father clumsily muttered words of consolation that tripped over each other like a half-shod mare: yes, there would be other gymkhanas, other horses; besides, that young man next door, the boy entering Princeton, seemed quite taken with her; but for Shelby there could never be another gymkhana, and no Princeton freshman could ever replace the beautiful dish-faced pony with too much heart—the Alhambra!

Martin Gross, NYC

Delayed in traffic, the vice-president arrived late at the meeting of the National Security Council and found all of its members shot dead in their seats; he dashed to the Oval Office, streaking past the startled Secret Service agent, and burst in shouting, "They've shot everyone but me"; the president looked up, pulled a .38 from his desk, and replied, "I know."

Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Some might think it a familiar story, twice scorning a love in impetuous youth to spend the remainder of one's days in its idle pursuit, and I am among them.

Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

Here I was, 40 years old, I'd lost Alice, and what was worse, my big serve was deserting me; but I was beginning to learn that there was a kind of winning that had nothing to do with tournaments, and that maybe—just maybe—this sweet, crazy kid could teach it to me.

E. S. Ioline, Huntington, N.Y.

Ace Brannigan nervously approached the high wall surrounding the Carlyle Mansion, flung a rope over the top, quickly scrambled over, ran up to the house, broke through the double French doors, and was startled by the sight of Colonel Rostonoff facing him in a green velvet club chair with a revolver in his hand.

A. M. Haluka, NYC

"My dear inspector, you were quite correct in your deduction that the pistol was held high, and in the left hand, but these four small indentations in the carpet suggest that the victim's jealous wife was too short to have fired the fatal shot, for I noticed in her bedroom a small footstool which I believe you will find fits the indentations exactly."

Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

As we stood there in the men's room of the Cine Palace, our usher's uniforms a sharp contrast to the gleaming white tile, I felt as though, perhaps for the first time in my life, I could say something that would prevent the pain and misery I had suffered, "Let me tell you something, kid, don't ever go to L.A."

Stephen Maynard, NYC

"Don't be an ass, Bunny," drawled Lalique, as she slathered on the Bain de Soleil, "there are plenty of reasons for coming to Acapulco out of season besides tracking down one's first husband. . . ."

James Elward, NYC

Even as Kate Darby took her bows to thunderous applause, she could see that grand lady of the theater, Margaret Manning, sitting in a wheelchair in the wings, a tight smile around her mouth and a fresh plaster cast around her leg; while handsome Mark Blenheim, the show's moody director and—miraculously—her husband-to-be, stepped forward and handed her a bouquet of red roses, the kind a chorus girl never gets to see.

Dorothy Lisee, Tenafly, N.J.

The day I met him, he did look just a little unusual in his green suit with purple tails and the multicolored feathers in his lush velour hat suggesting antennae, but he promised me the moon and here I am in the desert, waiting while he's out scouting for more just like me.

Sabina Roseman, NYC

Can time send you spinning backwards, wondered Garth, moments before beginning the greatest adventure of his life, milliseconds before taking one of the greatest risks taken by any man, and as he stepped forward into the time tunnel time the into forward stepped he as and, man any by taken risks greatest the of one taking before milliseconds, life his of adventure greatest the beginning before moments, Garth wondered, backwards spinning you send time can.

Mort Sheinman, NYC

Figure your tax on the amount on line 47 by using Tax Rate Schedule X, Y, or Z or if applicable the alternative tax from Schedule D, income averaging form Schedule G or maximum tax from Form 4726 or take up arms against a sea of troubles as I do now.

Dorothy Green, Yonkers, N.Y.

Once upon once upon a time a time, there was there was someone who someone who lived in lived in TV land TV land and whose and whose nice family nice family and nice friends nice friends were into things into things like impotence like impotence, sexual exhibitionism sexual exhibitionism, venereal disease venereal disease, and brutality and brutality, and her and her name was name was Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.

Linda Amster, NYC

I, Adam Galactic Automation, being of sound electronic mind and titanium body, yet sensing the imminent cosmic cataclysm that will destroy my physical parts, herewith give and bequeath to humans and humanoids alike in the space-time continuum all data remotely deposited at the Helvetia Memory Bank, calculating full well that the probability of discovery, retrieval, and proper application of this intelligence for the benefit of unikind is now but 1.063 in a googolplex.

Oscar Weigle, Whitestone, N.Y.

Shadows swallowed Groansea near the Isles of Mordranth as vengeful dragons unleashed their spells of darkness, fear, and evil on the star-wise, wind-wealthy Sealords of Falmor, and Haebeeth the enchanter summoned the powers of the mages to save Falmor's destiny in numinous battles, but the wizard Geontuane named the dragons' powers, vanquished their evils, and sank the loathsome lair into the resounding silence of the seareach.

Dorothy Atkins, Lincoln, Neb.

As Nell stole a glance at her handsome, highborn bridegroom whose solemn gaze was fixed upon the bishop intoning their marriage vows, she thought of her sot of a husband who would never know of the dazzling future which now lay before her.

Judith R. Goldsmith, Woodmere, N.Y.

Solomon Grundy, born of poor but honest, hardworking, God-fearing parents on Monday, almost drowned during baptism on Tuesday; after receiving numerous fountain pens and digital wristwatches as bar mitzvah presents on Wednesday, he married his beautiful, voluptuous, wealthy childhood sweetheart on Thursday; contracting a rare incurable fatal tropical disease on Friday, he died peacefully without pain while asleep on Saturday; and amid sorrowing relatives and friends was buried in the modest Grundy family plot the next morning.

Bernard Rasof, Chicago, Ill.

Melissa's marriage to bold, blond, handsome Frederick was spoiled only by his growing obsession with the emerald—looking like some idol's eye—which brought to her mind for a fleeting second dark forebodings of murder, rape, arson, fratricide, dope addiction, infidelity, parricide, assault, fanaticism, kidnapping, witchcraft, human sacrifice, suicide, psychosexual fetishism, and mysterious missed appointments; and yet—strangely—she intuitively felt the dark, intense, lonely Carlton would somehow be her savior.

W. S. Payton, Englewood, N.J.

Sir Peregrine Plum, having just finished his latest animal story for children, "Miss Piggywig Goes to Brighton," congratulated himself and lifted the hot Bovril to his lips, never suspecting that his favorite bedtime drink contained enough cyanide to kill ten of him or that his plump, pugnosed housekeeper, Miss Molly Coddley, would soon be slurping her last blancmange, outsmarted by Achille Parfum, the brilliant egg-shaped sleuth.

Ms. Freddi Bell, Hackensack, N.J.

It was a cold March afternoon, outside Philpitts, when I finally spotted the Denebian—a ghastly, horribly bloated, six-legged creature with one enormous eye and covered with a concretelike skin that chattered as it walked; I stunned the unspeakable horror with my remaining blaster charge, and muttered, "When will these aliens learn that they must, by law, register with the Solar Federation by 31Ja?"

Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.

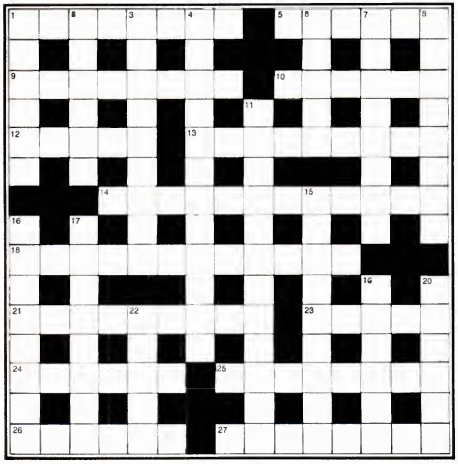
Had Marty Wagner not shown Mrs. Greer the *New York* Magazine, had we not written etymologies for an assignment, had Mrs. Greer not sent them in to the magazine, had our class not been mentioned in the magazine, I would not now be writing these stupid and boring words.

Susan Bartos, New Rochelle, N.Y.

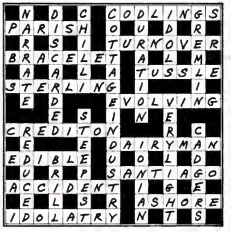
Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 246, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by March 19. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive *Edith Wharton*, by R. W. B. Lewis (Harper & Row). Runners-up will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of April 19. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



Clues

ACROSS

1 A fine body perhaps—incomplete, but genuine. (4, 4)
5 Clubman? Capital! (6)
9 Any crest can show the line of descent. (8)
10 Albert's head becomes hostile and starts being active. (6)
12 They're very often of interest to people making them! (5)
13 Essex river with little water in it when you get right down to it? (6, 3)
14 Gamesman who does better than anyone else with a music-maker? (6-6)
18 Very flowery way to describe a life of pleasure? (8, 4)
21 Girl sat in rich disarray! (9) . . .
23 . . . Darling girl that she is? (5)
24 See nothing against Edward, but still sacked. (6)
25 Scatters Webster's in pieces. (8)
26 Taking your medicine? Go on and make a song about it! (6)
27 Acted like a motorist, but in old contraptions. (4, 4)

DOWN

1 Cries out about the king and creates a disturbance. (6)
2 In a trance? How sweet! (6)
3 There's alarm surrounding ships in a storm, caused by this offensive weapon. (4-5)
4 Job on board. (12)
6 A portion of Othello's riches from "Hamlet." (5)
7 Diana's dramas and shows. (8)
8 Yes, a new composition is not a difficult task. (4, 4)
11 Those who bawl surely don't need them. (12)
15 When settled, I imposed a curfew and started the lawsuit. (9)
16 Particle was in the van and spotted. (8)
17 Seaside edifice is in a bad state of repair for the entertainers. (8)
19 Time to follow the river and find the picture-maker. (6)
20 Past, present or future. (6)
22 Unrelenting in the back. (5)

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